

# TOC H JOURNAL

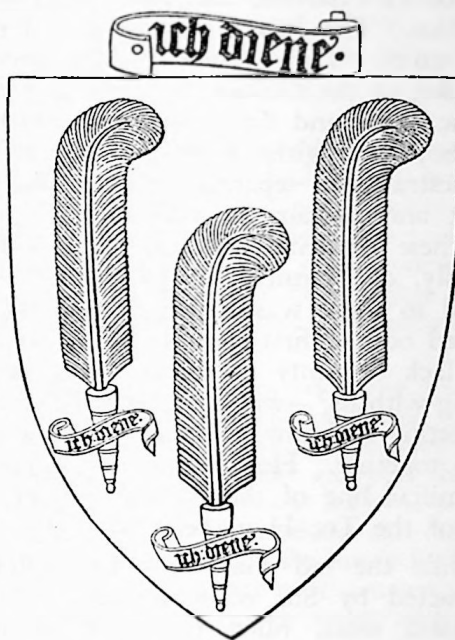
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*Contributions must reach the Editor not later than the Tenth of the month previous to issue.*

## HIGH-HEARTED SERVICE—II



*The PRINCE OF WALES' arms and mottoes from the splendid tomb of the BLACK PRINCE in Canterbury Cathedral. By his will (1376) he directed that twelve shields, each a foot high and all with the motto HOUMOUT (a point disregarded) should surround his effigy (see article in August JOURNAL, 1926).*

THE JOURNAL opens this month with the same title as last and pursues the same subject—with this difference that the Prince's Call for service which could only be written of in anticipation late in January, has now been made and is being answered. Readers have already been reminded that the Prince of Wales—from the days of the Black Prince—can claim two fine mottoes as his own. In battle his watchword is *Houmout—Hearts High!* and in peace time *Ich Dien—I Serve*. At the great meeting in the Royal Albert Hall on January 27, not only was reference made by one of the speakers to these two mottoes, but they ran right through the whole tenor of the Prince's own speech and the temper of his crowded audience. He asked us all—the thousands in the Hall and the hundreds of thousands who everywhere were listening to his broadcast—for high-hearted service. Already it is being made clear that he did not ask in vain.

The Albert Hall that night was a remarkable scene. To many of us in Toc H that huge oval has become very familiar; we gibe at it no more as a Victorian monstrosity, for we see it as our own largest "family circle" at times of Festival. We feel at home there, we regard the place with a sort of affection. At such times the bond which makes all the tiers of seats one and abolishes the chasm which separates one side of the Hall from the other, is firmly tied before we enter: we are one team, the family of Toc H, which fills the great place. A member in the Balcony, it is true, cannot lean over and shake hands with a friend in the Arena, but voices have been known to carry across the intervening space at Toc H Festivals, and rival songs and cries to battle in mid-air with a joyful freedom. The Prince's audience did not meet with the advantage of that long-won unity. The "mufti" of the boys' and girls' clubs, the khaki of the Scouts, the blue of the Guides, the blue and white of the Brigades, which filled the seats in the Stalls and Arena are not seen regularly and often "on parade" together; the boys and girls of secondary and public schools sitting on the slope of the Orchestra were separated by the platform from their allies in the body of the Hall; and upstairs in Balcony and Gallery were the older folks like Toc H. All these elements had scarcely met like that before. They were not yet, consciously, one family—though the Prince himself was calling them to become so—and so there was a certain restraint and shyness in the great audience which seemed odd at first sight to observers from the Toc H block in the Balcony. If this lack of unity in the audience was not a fancy, it was a parable. What's wrong with us?—we don't really know each other yet. How can we put it right?—by getting to know each other. How can we get to know each other?—by doing a job together. How can we do a job together?—by *getting* together. Isn't that a familiar line of thought to Toc H members? Isn't that the most elementary part of the Toc H gospel?

While the red chairs on the platform still stood empty, community singing, conducted by Sir Walford Davies and led by the "choir" of schools in the orchestra seats, filled the time of waiting. Then those cavernous entrances in the orchestra (which the Albert Hall staff calls "bull-runs") were suddenly filled with figures. A great burst of applause and "He's a jolly good fellow!" went up as the Prince of Wales took his seat; and beside him and behind him we gradually made out, even from our places at the far end of the Hall, some other familiar figures—the Chief Scout, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and a few more. The Prince of Wales, as Chairman of the Meeting, made short introductory remarks. He told us why the National Council of Social Service had organised the meeting. "As patron of this Council," he said, "I am delighted to know of the fine team work that has made possible this meeting and all the other meetings that are being held all over the country to-night in connection with it. I would like to take this opportunity to express my thanks to all those who have assisted in organizing these meetings, and I hope—in fact, I am sure—that they will continue to co-operate so that day by day we may realize to the full the added strength that comes from good team-work." To the share of Toc H in this "team-work" reference will be made later.

Captain E. A. FITZROY, Speaker of the House of Commons, who had taken an active part in the preparations, said a few words, to which his position in the country added great significance. And then the Prince rose to his feet again amid cheers, this time to make the speech of the evening. We believe that our readers will like to have it in full in these pages.\*

### The Prince's Speech

THE PRINCE OF WALES said: "I find my task to-night in addressing this great gathering anything but an easy one, but we start on common ground, for we are all, young and old, seriously perplexed by the many problems that confront us and are all equally anxious to do what we can to help our country in a time of need. I do not pretend for one moment to be able to offer any concrete solution of our difficulties. I propose merely to speak in general terms with the hope of suggesting to you some lines of thought which you can carry away to-night.

I believe there exists in many minds a feeling that while our troubles are largely due to outside causes, they are not due to these alone—that while political and economic changes may be effective to avert financial disaster, they cannot in themselves ensure a true and sound growth of our national life. There is, too, I think, a certain doubt whether the social progress of recent years has not perhaps been rather superficial—a feeling that, just as many a fine-looking house may conceal a load of mortgage or hire-purchase debt, so the better material conditions that have been won may not represent any very solid gain.

Now if financial sacrifice is required people will face it, as they are doing without a murmur to-day; if re-organization of industry is demanded, people will seek to carry it through. But they will have no real confidence that these measures alone will secure what is best in life. They are looking for a positive aim, and that aim is, I think, to be found in the realization that each man must, and can, work out his own salvation in common service. Whatever the coming years may hold of hardship and difficulty, we can win through triumphantly if only we will recognize that the future lies in our own hands. By all means let the State do all for us that it can, but it cannot do much more than give us conditions in which our individual task is made easier, and neither the State nor anyone else can relieve us of that task.

For this reason you should not think of social service purely as State action—such as education, public health, insurance, old age pensions, and so on—nor only as the wonderful voluntary work which is being done in connection with countless good causes throughout the country. Let us think of it rather as kindness between man and man, as mutual understanding, as all those acts of unselfish devotion that can be done, and indeed are being done every day, by thousands of people without one thought of material gain or personal advancement.

\*The speech was reported in full in the chief newspapers. *The Times* has produced it in pamphlet form. The price is 1d. (post free 1½d.), and the reduced charges for quantities are as follows:—12 for 1s., 25 for 1s. 9d., 50 for 3s. 6d., 100 for 7s., 250 for 15s., 500 for £1 10s., 1,000 for £2 10s., 2,000 for £4 10s. post free. Any profits from the sale of the pamphlet will be handed over to the National Council of Social Service. Obtainable from the Publisher, *The Times*, Printing House Square, London, E.C.4, or through the booksellers and newsagents. Orders for quantities should be sent direct to *The Times* Office.

The National Council of Social Service has issued a reprint of the speech intended for those who wish to have it in a permanent form. The prices are as follows:—Single copies, 6d.; 12, 5s.; 25, 8s. 6d.; 50, 15s.; 100, 25s. Copies may be obtained from the National Council of Social Service, 26, Bedford Square, W.C.1.

It is also being printed in Braille for the use of the blind by the National Institute for the Blind, 224, Great Portland Street, W.1.

No country in the world has developed its social services to the extent that we have, or devotes so much money to their provision and efficient performance. But we cannot ignore the fact that the present financial stringency may have to result in some curtailment—that the high level will fall unless we can make good by an increased individual effort. Then, too, the wide provision of State social services has perhaps lessened in some of us the sense of the need, the duty, of personal service, and has encouraged a tendency to take all these things for granted—encouraged a readiness to receive without, at the same time, inculcating that readiness to give which is the only justification for the privileges of citizenship. We must realize that the amenities of life, like its essentials, are best secured by the personal effort and individual contributions of every member of the community, and are not a sort of heaven-sent manna to be garnered and enjoyed without effort, service, or obligation.

There is an enormous call at the present time for personal service—a call that is increasing. Almost every good cause needs the time and personal effort which each one of you can give, and there is some place, however small, where your services can be of real use and worth. So do not stand aside and leave it to others, for the opportunities are at your threshold, in every town and village, wherever you may happen to live. The tasks are there, and every one of us can play a part, for the race is not necessarily to the swift nor the battle to the strong.

I know, of course, that many of the elder section of this great gathering are already devoting much of their spare time to voluntary service, but I have to-night a wider audience—the vast audience listening in beyond this hall. There are many who, in these times, have to work harder for a living, whose day's toil is more exacting and who have less leisure to give. But every member of the elder generation can be a partner in a joint enterprise—in the promotion of youth's opportunity—to see that every boy and girl in this country should have a fair chance. Let each one of us ask of himself what he is doing, or is prepared to do, to give them that chance.

We meet in a time of national anxiety, but let us also say, taking strength from the past, that it is a time of national opportunity, when the traditions we inherit should be more than equal to the need. Emerson wrote, a good many years ago, that he found the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes; and I am sure that is true of the rising generation of to-day.

It was not your fault that there was a war. It was not your fault that there is now a world crisis. But do not congratulate yourselves just because in these things you are blameless. Better to realize that you alone are the ones to repair wrongs, to do those things that have been left undone. And it is not going to be easy.

There is a danger that some people are, so to speak, getting too used to the present critical situation. They read of it daily in the newspapers, find it all very complicated, but feel that, somehow, sooner or later, things will all come right again. It is no use waiting for that doubtful thing—a good time coming. We have got to fight to keep England 'a bulwark for the cause of men,' to keep our great heritage in trust for those that come after. It has been said that the most hopeless hour in national history has always been the most hopeful, because it is precisely the moment which calls forth the best and the bravest in the soul of our nation.

We have before us to-day a world sick with fearful doubt, weary with repeated disappointments, a world of troubled nations whose vital need is courageous faith in each other. It is an era of potential plenty, when confidence should be supreme, yet we see in almost every land widespread distress and perplexity. The War-time genera-

tion still doubts, is still seeing through a glass darkly, and here lies youth's opportunity. For you have it in your power to confront every obstacle with boldness and originality, with the faith which means to triumph, and to encourage and invigorate those who may be older than you in years and experience.

Youth cannot long remain a spectator of life: it will only be a short time before the work of the world will be placed on your shoulders to carry. Many tasks wait for your help: knowledge to be discovered, open spaces to be peopled, natural resources to be developed, sickness to be conquered, and wrongs to be righted. With these high quests before you, you will realize that the mere acquisition of material things is not in itself the fulfilment of an individual or a national purpose, and is as little compared with the satisfaction derived from your own effort, especially when that effort advances human welfare and happiness.

I want you to understand that we are not just facing a few months of 'grin and bear it,' but that we must get into training for a long period of work—hard work and effort, sustained despite possible discouragements. You must be prepared, as others have been before, to enlist 'for the duration,' without asking how much may in the long run be required of you\*.

You cannot hope to influence directly the trend of international affairs, but close at hand is a domestic problem, vast and baffling if looked at in the mass, though easier to help when broken up into individual pieces. It is made up of men and women, boys and girls. I am, as you will have guessed, thinking of unemployment. I am thinking now neither in terms of economics nor of politics, but of each member of the unemployed population as a single, separate personality, beset by depression, labouring under a sense of frustration and futility—a blank wall in front of him which he can neither climb over nor scramble round. My appeal here is not to statesmen, nor even to philanthropists, but to all those who are in work to play the part of neighbour and friend to the man out of work. That is the open road of duty and a short cut to happiness all round. There is no central machinery here in London that can provide a substitute for the good neighbour.

The enemy to-day is depression and apathy. Let us attack them with two of our old-fashioned characteristics—good sense and good humour. I believe there are groups of the unemployed here and there, dead sick of prolonged idleness, who are themselves feeling out towards ways of giving their unhired labour in co-operative effort for the help of others in need. It is up to us to back such attempts with every possible support. Get together wherever this burden lies heaviest, face up to the most urgent local need, and see if the community on the spot cannot make its own self-directed contribution towards this vast problem. So far as is humanly possible let us break it up into little pieces and refuse to be browbeaten into paralysis by its size. I am talking, I repeat, neither on the economic nor on the political plane, but on the humane plane of simple friendship in those places where the clouds are darkest, where the pits are closed or the furnaces damped down. What matter if some trifling blunder is committed here or some project fails there. The very attempt of the community to achieve some social betterment for the sake of the workless in their midst will lift the general level of hope and make easier every national solution by statesmen and economists.

\*This phrase, which was commented upon in *The Times*' leading article and which provided a headline for some other newspapers, may be recognised as coming from the Toc H pamphlet *I Serve* (reprinted in the February JOURNAL), a copy of which had reached the Prince some days before the meeting. It was most characteristic of his thoughtfulness that he sent a telephone message to Toc H Headquarters next day to apologise for not having asked permission to use the words!

Of much that I have spoken to you to-night we Englishmen find it difficult to put into words. But the things of which I have been speaking are present in many minds to-day up and down the country, and we want the subconscious thoughts to become concrete, and to take concrete form in action and life.

The world passed into a new age with the end of the Great War. Never was a new age borne in greater agony, nor in a more difficult environment for healthy and normal growth. What we make of it as a democracy is of vital concern not only to ourselves but to the whole world. So far as my part is concerned, many paths in life are closed to me: Much that I would like to do I cannot. But I have tried to bring more closely together the people of the Empire, the English-speaking peoples, and to further our interests abroad. I have had my failures, I know; but in these years, with few precedents to guide us, to have no failure is to have attempted nothing.

Let me make it quite clear that I am not asking anyone to launch yet another organization. Far from it.

The message that I have tried to give you is a three-fold one:

First, for a fresh response to national service; for a greater spirit of unselfish and adventurous helpfulness in the midst of problems which our ablest men find difficult to unravel.

The second point is that the opportunity for service is at our door—in our own village, in our own town.

And my third and last point is this:—That depression and apathy are the Devil's own; they are not English, so away with them!

Many great audiences have filled this hall, many great causes have been pleaded from this platform. But never, I am confident, has there been such a gathering, of both young and old, eager to help in the service of their fellow-men. Let us make ourselves fit for that service and dedicate ourselves to it to-night."

#### "The Good Neighbour"

The Prince resumed his seat amid thunderous applause, which must have had its echo not only in the simultaneous meetings, great and small, in some 300 places at which his fellow-countrymen were gathered together to listen-in, but in the hearts of countless wireless listeners in their own homes. He had spoken throughout with a high seriousness and with a quiet simplicity of phrase. Many flashes of oratory sound fine in the Albert Hall but will not stand the test of the reporter: this speech "read" almost more tellingly in the paper next morning than it sounded at the time. For it is packed with meaning and will bear close examination. It contains marching-orders for a lifetime of high-hearted service. Of its many good phrases none was more quickly caught up by the press or is more likely to pass into common speech than his simple words "the good neighbour": "good-neighbourliness" is honest English for the job in hand. And it was applied in the first instance to "the man out of work"—to be used, as the Prince put it, "on the humane plane of simple friendship in those places where the clouds are darkest, where the pits are closed, or the furnaces damped down." The whole audience was clearly much moved by this approach to the problem of unemployment, stripped of politics and economics and reduced to its stark, human terms. A Communist newspaper which had written a vitriolic article about the Prince and his cause before the meeting, was hard put to it afterwards



in its attempt to ridicule what he actually said, for the Prince's warm sincerity gets home so much more quickly to "men's business and bosoms" than any feverish political theory. The speech was the tonic we need. "The enemies to-day," said the Prince, "are depression and apathy\* . . . depression and apathy are the devil's own—they are not English, so away with them!"

#### The Resolution

The meeting was not to disperse without summing up its meaning in a resolution which was a definite pledge of service:—

"That we, in the great gathering of young and old, who are convinced that the greatness of the State comes from the spirit of service, commit ourselves to a resolute attempt faithfully to carry into practice the ideal of service which has been set before us."

The four speakers to this resolution, which was unanimously carried, were all brief and admirably chosen. The resolution was proposed by LORD BURGHLEY, who had a very warm reception—for what schoolboy is not eager to see and hear an Olympic champion who has won races in ten countries? Besides, he belongs not only to the House of Commons but to the Boys' Brigade.

LEONARD OVERY, on quite another count, went straight to the heart of the matter and of his audience with his first sentence. The Webbe Institute at Oxford House in Bethnal Green first saw him as a small boy leaving an elementary school; it now claims him proudly as an officer and knows him as "Ginger." He earns his living as a stone preparer for lithographic printers, and he knows at first-hand the problems of East-End living and how "good-neighbourliness" tries to meet them. There was a ready laugh for more than one of his quick Cockney phrases and great applause for his challenge: "We've got to bite off more than we can chew—and chew it!"

Then came Mrs. NEVILLE SMITH, representing at once two great factors which are in some danger of being forgotten by men who are busy in service in cities—the work of women and of the countryside. She herself lives in a Sussex village, where the Women's Institute, the Guides, the Girls' Friendly Society, the Mothers' Union, the British Legion, the Nursing Association and the League of Nations Union give so good a neighbour plenty of scope. Hers was a speech of great force and charm.

Lastly rose BASIL HENRIQUES, known to not a few members and units of Toc H. He is one of the band of men who served an apprenticeship under "The Doctor" in Bermondsey years ago, and thence set out, with his wife, to found a venture in the same spirit of high-hearted service among his own race in East London: this has grown into the great Bernard Baron Jewish Settlement. He is now a Magistrate of the Children's Court, a Prison Visitor among boys, a Governor of the London Hospital, an Alderman of his local Borough Council. And he is more than all these—he has a touch of the prophet when he works and speaks. This note of fiery purpose in his short speech was a fit ending to a high-hearted evening.

\*A schoolboy "howler": among a number of essays written by children who had attended the meeting, sent to the Prince of Wales afterwards, the phrase appeared: "The Prince of Wales told us that our chief enemies to-day were Persia and Africa."

After the Prince of Wales had put the resolution from the Chair the meeting closed, as it had begun, with singing. There were three songs and all were right. First, a new song by Rudyard Kipling, to a fine stirring tune. The first verse pictures "the good neighbour":—

"The Man that is kindly of heart toward his neighbour,  
And stops to consider his likes and dislikes—  
His blood shall be wholesome, whatever his labour,  
His luck shall be with him, whatever he strikes. . . "

And the second verse gives a grim picture of his opposite:—

"Him food shall not fatten, him drink shall not mellow,  
And his innards shall brew him perpetual strife . . .  
His Friends and his Club and his Dog shall not love him—  
And his Widow shall skip when he goes underground."

And then Blake's *Jerusalem*, with its "bow of burning gold" and its noble boast that we will not rest "till we have built Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land." No need for the printed sheet for our own members: we have sung it from full throats so often into the huge hollow of the Albert Hall. And last of all, the *National Anthem*—no mere polite formality on a night like this.

#### Where Toc H helped

The many meetings on January 27 were designed to be but a beginning for a sustained effort of which there can be no real finality: they were to sound the *Fall in!* to old campaigners and new recruits alike in a struggle which never knows a complete armistice. No proof is required of the spirit in which Toc H members rallied to the Prince's call. All concerned in local meetings know how much was done to prepare for the reception of the broadcast message and to give effect to the appeal. Many difficulties were encountered and bravely overcome. It may be useful to summarize the sequence of events in which our members played their part alongside those of many other societies.

A few days before Christmas the Prince of Wales, after careful consideration, asked the National Council of Social Service to convene a Meeting in the Royal Albert Hall, and the date was quickly decided. The National Council includes representatives of all voluntary and statutory bodies concerned in social welfare; these were consulted and gave their wholehearted support. Amongst them, Rotary and Toc H were allotted the special task on January 1 of offering their services to the Lord Mayors and Mayors in England and Wales, the Lord Provosts and Provosts in Scotland, who had already been approached with a view to their calling meetings.

Three days later a lengthy typed document was issued from our Headquarters to all Area, District, Branch and Group Secretaries of Toc H, stressing the importance of the appeal and the need for ready co-operation. Secretaries were asked and advised to maintain personal touch with local Councils of Social Service, Rural Community Councils, Rotary Clubs, Juvenile Organisations' Committees and all similar bodies. The Mayors of the London Metropolitan Boroughs were invited to be present in the Albert Hall, but in all other cities and boroughs, and also in urban and rural districts, Toc H was asked to co-operate or to take the initiative in preparing for the message and "in thinking, planning and actively ensuring (a) how volunteers can best be guided into channels of service, tested, trained and used for existing, extended or new work, and (b) how the appeal can be followed up locally, so as to see that the initial impulse is not dissipated in a momentary enthusiasm, but is kept alive and harnessed to the work."



By January 27 Headquarters had received direct information that Toc H Branches and Groups were taking a major or minor part in 238 meetings in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. Press cuttings revealed some more, and subsequent reports brought the total well in excess of the 260 meetings announced by the Speaker of the House of Commons in the Albert Hall. The character of these meetings varied from large assemblies in cities, such as Birmingham, Newcastle or Sheffield, to small gatherings in villages. At most of them the Albert Hall resolution was put and carried with acclamation. At all of them, as reports testify, Toc H members must have felt themselves encouraged to go forward in "a resolute attempt faithfully to carry into practice the ideal of service."

### How Toc H can help now

Members have clearly a right to ask "What is the special job of Toc H in following up the Prince's call?" And the first answer is, as clearly, that Toc H must go on doing the jobs it has been doing for the last dozen years—only more so. The present effort does not ask of us much that is new, except a higher standard of devotion to the old tasks. So far as the individual member of Toc H is concerned his first duty is stated in its very simplest terms in a letter headed "Good Neighbours" (*Times*, February 13): "Here are 45,000,000 of us," says the writer, "each exercising some influence over many others and most of us being less thoughtful, less kindly, less helpful, and less happy than we might be. Suppose every one of these 45,000,000 of us, each to his own advantage, were to improve himself to a very trifling extent; to become better-tempered, more charitable, less jealous, more generous in thought and deed, more free from class or personal bias, less self-opinionated and always looking for the best in those with whom we come in contact. These things are easy to do, and if we would all do them, or try to do them, to the best of our ability, the nature of our social and national life would be changed for the better out of all recognition." In answer to which some readers will impatiently exclaim, "Yes, that's all true enough, like the Four Points of the Compass: it's so simple—and so difficult. But isn't there something *new* to be done now?"

Our first job being to improve, individually and corporately, the quality of our fellowship and of our work in the whole wide field of "jobmastery," there is also an opportunity of service arising out of the Prince's call which may make bigger demands on us than it has done in the past. Toc H is very widely spread about the country, though it is not always strong everywhere. It is, on the whole, in a specially favourable position to help some of the new volunteers who are now coming forward for service in answer to the Prince's call. In other words we may be able, not only to help others, but *to help others to help others*. If we are to meet this responsibility we dare not be blind leaders of the blind: many of us need more knowledge than we at present possess. We may therefore have to "go to school" a little ourselves.

"Study" is not our strongest suit in Toc H as a rule, though the habit has been growing through training week-ends, etc., in recent years. Take two main directions in which we need in every unit to have some well-informed members if we are to help other men to fit their willing service into the places where it is most needed.

1. Lots of us have but a vague notion how the complicated machine of our own country looks and works. Education, health, public assistance, police and justice, and, beyond these, Parliament, the Empire, the League of Nations—who really runs these things and why and how? And where do we come in? A little book, just published, which can give a clear answer, is reviewed elsewhere in these pages.\* No one will be wasting time if he spends a little in getting a grip of these things.

\* *Ourselves and the Community*, by E. E. Reynolds. (See page 125).

2. To take the example which concerns each one of us most nearly: what do we know about our own city, town or village? For our members a "survey" (forbidding word!) will not be concerned so much with street-lighting, sewage disposal, pubs. and picture-houses—all fascinating subjects of study—as with the "social services" in which voluntary help is needed. We shall want to know first-hand about housing conditions, for instance, if we are to help clubs or troops to get going in the right places; and about local employment and unemployment, if we are to do anything with recreation and so on for the lads out of work; and about all the open spaces available, if we are to have a hand in sports grounds, play centres or allotments. We shall want much diligence and tact in searching out "the handicapped" and those "in trouble" if we are to offer them our real friendship. And, moreover, we shall certainly have to find out what organisations there are in the place which already help, or ought to help, or would help more if they had more staff and funds. Our task is not to butt in, but to back up.

A "discovery team" will be needed to work, together or in groups, on our enquiry into our own place. And a large-scale map on which our discoveries are marked up in chalk or flags may well adorn the walls of our meeting-place—not just for fun, but for the purposes of a working plan. Bit by bit we shall be sure what are the *chief* needs of the locality, and set ourselves, and the new allies who come along, to work on them. We shall gradually find ourselves spending less time on side-shows of service.

Above all, we must not forget what the real aim of Toc H is. Among the great and honourable array of voluntary organisations, each specialising in some branch of social service, Toc H is not one. Our first aim (in the language of our Charter) is "to preserve and to transmit . . . traditions of Christian fellowship and service": we are trying to maintain a certain spirit and outlook which cannot help expressing itself in service to other people. But we are not a society responsible for the work of this or that corner of the great field of social service. Toc H has been fond of describing itself as a "power-house," supplying man-power to many of the other undertakings which need it. A power-house does not print newspapers or weave cloth or weld steel, but it supplies current which makes these operations easier to carry out. And men, often scarcely aware of the power-house in the background, use the fine machines and praise the many kinds of work they see them doing. To the complicated machinery of social service, a great network of agencies carrying out so many different tasks, Toc H can and does supply some "power," in the shape of men with a certain spirit in them. Where Toc H is true to its aim these men have been learning, first and foremost, what fellowship is—that is to say, they have been finding out how much men need each other and how much we all need God. If they have got thus far, they know that they must pass on their fellowship in service.

We must always be on our guard against supposing that Toc H has made any unique discovery. What we call "the Toc H spirit," which tries to think fairly, to love widely, to witness humbly and to build bravely, has existed among men in every age, and exist to-day in many societies which were founded long before Toc H was thought of. We have no "corner" in fellowship, nor is our service always of a high standard. In the present venture we may be called to help people who work in all sorts of causes and to take our share as partners in the bodies (like Councils of Social Service, Rural Community Councils, or Juvenile Organisations' Committees) which exist to bring workers for all sorts of causes together in fellowship and work. We may be given new opportunities for our old jobs. "Our best reply to the Prince's appeal is simply that we are carrying on—but trying to carry on a bit better."

B. B.

## PILGRIMS TO PERSIA—II.

*Last month's JOURNAL presented readers with the first instalment of the Diary of TUBBY's visit to Persia at Christmas. We now print its continuation, and are happy to be able to preface it with an article by TUBBY, which sets forth the underlying reason for his work with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The conclusion of the Diary will appear in April.*

### Overture

**H**OW did I come to get the trip to Persia, anyhow? It would be without excuse for Vicars to go visiting so airily. Tracing the cause far back, the facts are threaded round my recollection of one frail man, now dead at 28. His character was very far from frail. Sheppard must be my Overture.

### Sheppard at School

In 1919 a Battery Lieutenant came home from Flanders to Cheltenham. Resuming his duty in a Bank, he decided to work hard, by way of hobby, helping Talbot House, transferred from Poperinghe, to find its feet as a civilian enterprise. This meant that the junior men must be inspanned, and yoked to the traditions and ideals.

Among the first junior members whom he recruited, was an unusual schoolboy, then in his late 'teens. Chemistry was his persuasion; but his outlook on life was, first and foremost, human. Without much skill at games, energetic rather than muscular, Sheppard—his name—proceeded to develop a faculty for far-reaching friendships, less common among public-school boys than either brains or brawn. He shared instinctively with Walter Scott the habit of mind which treats an unknown man as a discovered relative.

At Radley, where he was at school (his home being near Cheltenham) Toc H did not then exist; although two Radley men were early in its leadership. In any case, Toc H is not normally regarded as a schoolboy activity. At public schools, boys remain boys, officially, until their lives are about one-third spent; and neither the Black Prince, who won at Crecy at fifteen, nor the Private, whose grave at Proven records his actual age as 14 years 8 months, would have been old enough to join Toc H, according to its Charter.

Alexander the Great, aged sixteen when, in his Father's absence, he quelled a rebel nation and founded Alexandropolis, would scarcely have been eligible for the most junior grade. Age-limits, like Anabaptism, may lose much good material.

### At Oxford

It was not therefore until New College that Sheppard began to take his true place in the Movement. Here, he was early in the field of post-War reinforcement.

In 1919-20, Oxford was flooded with ex-soldier undergraduates, well-behaved and hard-working. Drinking and even swearing were at a discount. The men were poor financially, senior in age, unmatched in quality, and genuinely thankful. Among them there were many customers of Talbot House in Poperinghe; and,

when Toc H held its inaugural Oxford meeting, the Great Hall of the Union was crowded out to welcome Lady Byng, who came to recommend Toc H to Town and Gown above the old partitions.

Each successive year, however, this throng of veteran undergraduates ebbed and dispersed. The Colleges were soon re-filled to overflowing from the traditional sources; and Public Schoolboys came once more into their own select inheritance. The poor man's idyll faded; for Government grants, like Lars Porsena's trumpet-peal, died fitfully away.

Each summer term, during those first few years, the Oxford Branch of Toc H took me to the bathing-place, Parson's Pleasure. At first, we were a party of old friends, many tattooed with bullet-tracks when stripped, some with a sham limb to be left shyly in the dressing-room. In 1920, one small section of the river bank contained a knot of the "cease-fire" generation of schoolboy. The next year (1921) Parson's Pleasure was evenly divided. In 1922, but two or three bathers remained who bore austere traces of the wrath of nations. Meanwhile, Toc H itself at Oxford dwindled and flickered almost to the point of expiry.

Its main ambition in both old Universities was to construct and to fortify a bridge of fellowship, across which Town and Gown could work in Godly union and concord. This policy, or project of a policy, was seriously challenged by some University authorities, who longed for nothing more than a complete reversion to the pre-War position.

In 1921 I had the honour of being invited to present myself before the Proctors of one ancient University, who frankly disapproved of our ideals. At Oxford, none the less, a small group of undeniable characters assembled round the \*Chevasse Lamp of Maintenance. Among them, a God-given astronomer and a prophetic printer collaborated as the lively corner-stones of the new foundation.

In all this Sheppard played a characteristic part, inspiring men of many kinds simply by liking them. The measure of his popularity in College was proved one morning, when I found at breakfast some fifty men from all sides in New College assembled for the meal, held in the Junior Common Room. They came at his last-minute invitation, sending their breakfasts in. Sheppard was one of those odd characters who are the key to any Regiment. Men of extreme diversity found him the soul of wit. Most women overlooked him sympathetically.

#### He enters Oil

Even five years at Oxford come to an end some day. Sheppard then embarked on his profession as a commercial chemist. He found his way to Skewen, the Welsh refineries of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company; and my first letter from him there was singularly depressed. As I read it, I recalled a letter very similar in spirit, written by Ronnie Poulton when he first went to share, as an industrial hand, the huge concern he had inherited.

A few weeks later, being on a Welsh campaign, I just looked in on Sheppard in his lodgings at Skewen. I found his megrims banished by his discovered oppor-

\* Captain Chevasse, R.A.M.C., V.C. and Bar; killed July 31, 1917.

tunities. His magnetism and pluck and humour were already triumphing. His room was a cross-section of all sorts and conditions, to the delight of all concerned, except his landlady.

Two years later, Sheppard went out to Abadan, returning tired but cheerful to Skewen in 1929. There, on an August Saturday, he laughingly complained of feeling ill. By Monday he had died, at the age of twenty-eight.

Huge concerns tend to have short memories for any individuals; but men of most diverse temperaments and many grades of service at Abadan and Skewen are still thoughtful at the mention of his name. I doubt if Oxford, since the War, has made a more appropriate contribution to any great concern than in the case of Sheppard. His qualities were not her gift to him; for they were native in the make-up of the man.

In his brief years he exercised the three great arts of friendship among Englishmen. First, he had faith in them. He trusted them, and this trust made most of them trustworthy; secondly, he had his hopes of everyone he met. He never called a man uninteresting. He was a perfect listener; and men who bored their wives would never irk him. Thirdly, he did not pose as a religious philanthropist; but all who came to know him knew the way in which he thought for other people, and that he prayed, more often than most men, with genuine conviction.

It was no idle sentiment which placed his panel of glass next to that of the old Archbishop in the Prince's Chapel at All Hallows;\* for Sheppard inaugurated a new development which may, as time goes on, make history. It was, in part at least, due to his shy ambassadorship on behalf of Toc H in his great Company, that the first link between the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and Toc H was forged. The link is now a very real friendship, resulting in a body of thoughtful members, both in the Group Sheppard began at Abadan and in Britannic House, and to and among the vessels of the Tanker fleet. The English Church itself has benefitted by the significant action of the Company in the creation of two Chaplaincies, served by Toc H, and salaried by the Company. Here is a precedent which has already led to similar inquiries from other great commercial Corporations.

In the New Age, it well may be that these examples will prove symptomatic of the re-entry of the Church into the field of daily life and work it has too long left unexplored. If so, the combination of the Arms of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, Oxford and Radley above the name of Sheppard in the All Hallows window will mark a turning-point too true to be forgotten.

#### The Church must learn new ways

The Church's aims in industry should be to supplement the method of the parish by treating the main spheres of man's employment as fields for a new type of specially trained Chaplains working alongside ordinary welfare-workers. Big businesses should be encouraged by their shareholders to make this sound experiment; and it may prove particularly appropriate to take the future Ordinand from the personnel of the very concern to which he may, after due preparation, return in his new capacity.

\* See JOURNAL, June-July, 1931, on *The Old Men's Window* and its unveiling.

Did not Sam Weller say that every pig should work its own sausage-machine? There is sense in the parable. Chaplains thus recruited would connect the Church and Commerce in a living way, wrongly discarded when the "Frith Guilds" ceased to be trade corporations. Some old-established businesses have even now traces in their records of such Chaplaincies; but cut-throat competition killed the tradition, and vacant Chaplaincies were allowed to lapse. Great firms will groan, no doubt, at the idea of carrying an extra supernumerary, of little obvious utility either to Production or to Sales. To these, it can be proved that the appointment of a Chaplain makes for team-spirit and good understanding. Each member of a staff is in himself a problem, which only friendship can transmute to confidence; and confidence on both sides is Efficiency.

To the Church be it said that here is a constructive act of penitence, enabling her to get in touch with men entirely unreachable by the parochial system. She must revise her ways, and henceforth bestow upon her teams of Chaplains a due measure of representation in her Assemblies. As matters now stand, Chaplains are sometimes slighted by the parochial clergy. They have no legal status, little consideration, few chances of preferment to a living. Attached as they now are either to the armed forces of the Crown, or to the Home Office, or to the great Societies, they try to do the Church's work towards the mobile men of our race of all sorts and conditions. But they remain unheard, unhelped, unrecognised. They have no Bishops of their own. Even the Lambeth Conference met without any representative of all the Chaplains being admitted to its senior Councils.

When Sydney Smith, invited to preach a sermon, surveyed from a strange pulpit a congregation almost wholly feminine, he slyly changed his text, and chose the vigorous aspiration of the Psalmist: "O that *men* would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness." If this is the unalterable ideal of the Church of England, her present methods are not calculated to secure its realisation. Men are not irreligious; they are not enemies. They simply stand aside, because the traditional parish method deals with the homes, the women and children. The men at work are, in the main, unconsciously ignored.

#### Religion is in Men

The journey here described is therefore fraught with an element of pastoral interest. The fact will not be stressed; but herein lay its object, scarcely mentioned in the ensuing pages. Why this omission? For the very simple reason that generalisations are not worth recording, while quoted instances would betray confidences. Briefly, it comes to this: religion is in men, waiting to be brought out. They will respond, believe, obey, make sacrifices. But churchly Christianity, so long acclimatised indoors and to a feminine atmosphere, bears faint relationship to these men's deepest thoughts of the Man Jesus Christ. No doubt they are perverse and ignorant; but is not their very ignorance, against their expert knowledge in so many technical spheres, a verdict on our pastoral bankruptcy? We simply cannot leave the men on the remote horizon.

P. B. C.



## The Pilgrims' Diary.—A Second Spasm

Last month's instalment of the Diary, kept by HARRY CHAPPEL of *All Hallows*, who with Padre STANLEY CLAPHAM (on his way to India) accompanied TUBBY, traced their journey from December 19, when they left Croydon by air for Paris. Thence they took train through France and Italy to Brindisi, where they took the air once more for the rest of their journey. December 22 found them at Athens and that night at Kastelorizo, off the coast of Asia Minor. Next day they alighted on the Sea of Galilee. After a visit to Capernaum and Nazareth and a night at Tiberias, they flew on: they were forced to halt, owing to a sandstorm further East, at Rutbah Wells in the Syrian Desert. There they spent Christmas night, but were able to reach Baghdad next day in time for Christmas breakfast, and later flew on to Abadan on the Persian Gulf, their main objective. The first part of the Diary broke off abruptly, on Boxing Day, at this point.

BOXING DAY (SATURDAY): . . . On that evening we had dinner with Commander Gray. Stanley went to represent the three of us at a dance on board H.M.S. *Emerald*. It was bitterly cold, the frost being the most severe within the records of the Company. During the afternoon we went to a "Fun Fair" run by the Tanker sailors and the R.N. men from the *Emerald*. This was held in the Bawada Club Grounds. Bawada is the shipping end of Abadan: there is a magnificent swimming club there and a good club. It is entirely cut off from Abadan proper, the refinery being between. It is a bad thing that this should be so, since it increases still further the isolation of the Tanker folk from the rest of the community.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27: Tubby preached on board H.M.S. *Emerald* in the morning and we stayed on to lunch with Capt Clayton, Commander Connell and Webb Bowen, the Major of Marines we had met on Christmas Day. One midshipman, York, is a member of Toc H, and there were one or two probationers, in particular a stoker whose Branch was Colombo. Many of the sailors had met Toc H in various parts of the world, and the majority had a lot to say about Canon Brady. We did not leave the ship till 3 o'clock, when we returned to No. 3 (*the Elkington's bungalow*) to find Mrs. Elkington awaiting the arrival of Sir Francis and Lady Humphreys (*from the Residency, Baghdad*). They arrived at 4.30, after a cold journey down by train. The low temperature creates a record for this part of the world; the frost has cut off all the roses and other flowers.

Evensong was held in a small room in the Club: there were a few Indians present, and Tubby preached. We had dinner with Reid and then went to the concert given by the *Emerald*. The show ended, we went and talked with the performers who were having a meal after their splendid effort.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 28: We went to lunch on board the *Emerald* with York and met his companions, nearly all of whom are coming home in June for a course at Greenwich. The *Emerald* is due to sail at 3 a.m. to-morrow morning. She goes up to Basra for a week, before returning down the Gulf. It is necessary for a ship of her size to go to Basra in order to turn: the River is navigable all the way up, except that the bar at the mouth has continually to be cleared. As the Humphreys are going up to Fields (*i.e., the oil-fields*) to-morrow we all dined in to-night.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29: The Fields party left at 8 a.m., so we had a quiet morning. Rex Haughton has come to stay at No. 3 while we are here. We made plans for our return journey during the morning and for our trip up to Fields on Thursday. All this was managed by Mr. Mylles (Assistant-General Manager, Personal), Mr. Bishop and Mr. Harrison.

In the afternoon Tubby and I assumed an air of knowingness and reported at the Main Office to be shown round the Refinery. This was one of the most exhausting afternoons we have spent so far or are likely to spend throughout the trip. As we walked between giant coolers, cleaners, furnaces, over networks of pipes, or drove from one part of the plant to another, each man fought a double battle, striving on the one hand to show some intelligence to his guide, and on the other, to his companions that he had a better knowledge of oil than they. The cracking plant made a great impression on all of us, so great that an explanation had to be twice given before we grasped its meaning. The simpler parts of production were more easily appreciated by us, particularly the carrying department, with its system of roller railway going right down to the Tankers themselves. But Tubby radiated joy and delight, and was enveloped in the mantle of Mr. Pickwick, when the Fire Brigade, manned by Persians, turned out for his edification: they not only burst forth from the Fire Station, but lit and put out a fire and, using gas-masks, rescued one of their comrades. The fire burned valiantly in a good-sized tank, half full of oil, upon which a cascade of "Foamite" was poured, covering the flames with a blanket of sticky, white, bubbling substance. Only one hitch occurred: by an oversight one of the connections of the hose was insecurely put on. It came off, and a cascade of water poured over the yard.

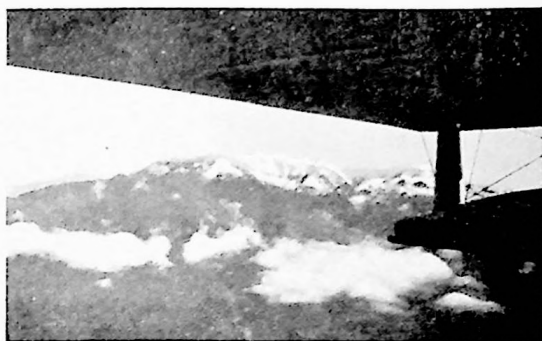
Little oil did we see that afternoon, except in sample bottles, or when we peered through glass windows down into the huge cleaning vats, where the oil swirled round one way and the cleansing solution in the opposite direction. At last we returned to the bungalow, reserving the rest of the Refinery for to-morrow.

In the evening we went to dinner with Mr. Gass, and then on to the concert which Mr. Cope had got up for the officers of the Tankers then in port. Unfortunately, as some had been held up by the tide and could not cross the bar, the audience was not as large as had been expected.

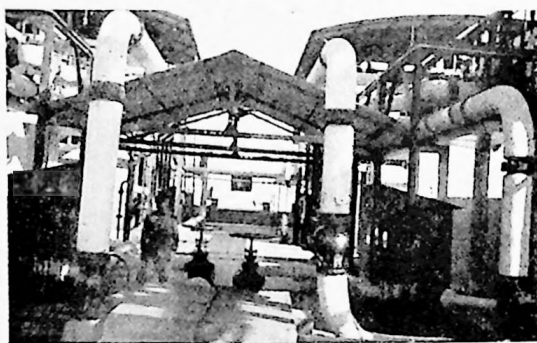
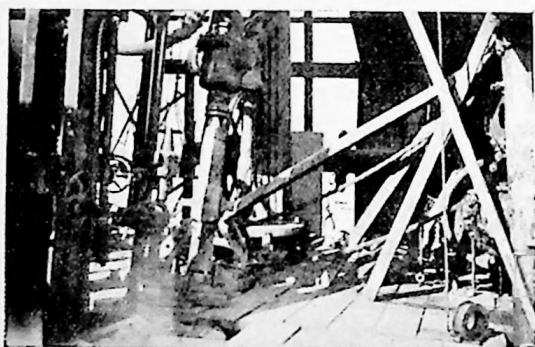
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30: In the morning, Tubby and I (Stanley did not put in an appearance) saw the remainder of the Abadan Refinery, the water pumps and purifiers which are in the tank farm. The Company also supplies the native village with pure water, a successful precaution against cholera and other diseases. The water is pumped out of the stream on the Eastern side of the Island, and is purified by means of sand filters without the use of chlorine, except occasionally in small quantities.

After "tiffin" we went on board several Tankers with Capt. Rogers, the Marine Superintendent. This occupied till 4.30, when we went out to Mohommerah to see a lady whom Tubby had met on his last Tanker voyage. Mohommerah is on the Eastern bank of the River, on the mainland; we left the car, crossed over on a launch, and walked along the bank in search of the bungalow. By this time the sun was setting rapidly and the palms stood out against the evening sky. A steam yacht in mid-stream—the private yacht of the Sheik of Mohommerah, collared by the Persians when they deposed him—caught the last rays of the sun, and the native boats became sliding shadows on the water. Mohommerah was once the headquarters of the A.P.O.C., before they went down to Abadan, where most of their staff now live. We had to make many enquiries for the bungalow from native clerks, but finally got there to find the family awaiting us. Our visit had to be short, as there was a Toc H meeting at Abadan to be reached.

There were about 30 fellows at the meeting. The Group talked with Tubby on their jobs and the chances of getting to know Tanker folk: at present they are rather hampered in this by the regulations concerning Tanker people visiting bungalows. Padre Reid also brought up the question of helping an Indian and his family back to their own country.



1. The Fort at RUTBAH WELLS—"We next made for Rutbah Wells, in the middle of the Syrian Desert" (Feb. JOURNAL, p. 81).
2. The Mountains of ASIA MINOR—"Leaving Castel Rosa as the dawn came up over the hills" (p. 80).
3. "While shepherds watched . . .": a flock of sheep on the hills of GALILEE.
4. CAPERNAUM—"The old synagogue is far the most interesting built by the Romans for the Jews" (p. 80).
5. Tubby at TIBERIAS—"We were to stay at Tiberias for the night" (p. 80).
6. Stanley Clapham looks into the future.



1. The KARUN RIVER—" the ford where the Northern tribes swim their flocks over " (p. 113).
2. The landscape of FIELDS—" looking at these chaotic grey-brown hills from above " (p. 114).
3. At the SLIDE—" We got up to this exalted spot for a picnic lunch " (p. 113).
4. The AHWAZ Boy Scouts—" It was a very smart turn-out " (p. 111).
5. An Oil " RIG "—" We set out to see a ' rig ' on which they were at work " (p. 113).
6. A GAS PLANT—" And so all the morning to the Gas Separators. . ." (p. 113).

There was a discussion on native membership, in which Tubby again cited the attitude adopted by Toc H in India. After the meeting we all trooped over to the Bachelors' Mess for dinner, and then to No. 3 Bungalow to find Mr. Gass and others awaiting us for a Guest-night. Tubby was put up to talk and told them something of Toc H at home, as none of the Group had ever seen a home Branch. I very much doubt if the average home member realises how often this is the case in overseas units, to whom the good fortune does not always fall of having a Padre like Reid who knows Toc H and Tubby.\*

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31: Tubby late for breakfast, myself none too early: Reido and Stanley announced last night that 8 a.m. was too early a start. The convoy—or rather half of it, one Morris and a trailer—at the door. 8.30—Mr. Gass and Rex Haughton packed us into the back of the car, with books and rugs and cameras. Murzah, the servant whom our hosts had instructed to look after us, got in beside the driver, and away we went, with the trailer bumping behind us. The silent-footed Murzah had by his fidelity already caused Tubby a little trouble, for he would go in and out of the room when he was trying to write. He acquired the name of "the Animated Coffee Bean," but he was ignorant of this and valiantly attended to our needs. There was a car ahead of us when we got down to the ferry, but we let him have a start, in order to avoid the cloud of sand as we crossed the desert. Over the ferry we passed through the belt of palms and out into the desert, with the pipe-line lying alongside the track—the only other thing as far as eye could see except sand and the car a mile ahead. "We hadna gone a league, a league, a league but barely three" when the engine coughed and seemed generally indisposed, and we stopped. This happened three or four times during the next fifteen miles, causing us to look at the same piece of desert for periods of 5-15 minutes at a stretch, but, as one piece of desert is exactly like another, this did not matter so much as the loss of time. The car ahead also disappeared.

There is a system by which you "clock in" at various stages along the route. Your arrival and departure times are telephoned from one pumping station to the next. This is a precaution taken to ensure that in the case of your not turning up within a reasonable time, a search party goes out and brings in you or your body, whichever is available. And so, at last, we drew up to "clock in" at DORQUAIN: we found the car ahead still waiting there, and were not a little surprised to find Stanley and Reid in it! Being very late here, we did not stay to see the pumping station, but hurried on to AHWAZ, where we were expected for lunch.

No. 1 Bungalow, AHWAZ, looks out over the rapids of the Karun River. We saw the river at its usual level, with the water shooting round the rocks, but in the short rain season it rises and covers the rocks in a mighty stream. It is now crossed by the new Persian Railway, which has been built as far as Ahwaz. The contractors are American, though the bridge is a British one.

Our host, Mr. Clegg, was awaiting us, and we found Sir Francis Humphreys and his party already there. Mr. Clegg seemed to know all there was to be known about Persia and its various conquerors, where the Romans had built bridges, the ancient religions of Persia, etc. We had a most delightful time with him, and were loth to leave next morning. In the afternoon Stanley and I went to see the railhead of the new Railway, and incidentally, the Ahwaz Boy Scouts. I suppose there were 150-200 of them, marching in column of fours to their band. It was a very smart turn-out, even to the last four files composed of the youngest and smallest Persians that were capable of walking down the centre of a street.

\* Is it necessary to drop a hint that letters from units or members at home to such isolated parts of the family overseas are a tremendous encouragement and become our plain duty?—ED.

AHWAZ is dug out of the sand, to which it soon returns as its sandy bricks crumble. Its streets are but desert, with, of course, the sanitary system running down the middle. Here we saw our first camel caravan—other than from the air—and the first real deluge of donkeys. There is here a British community of thirty, the Company having shut down the main part of their offices here. It is at Ahwaz that the river traffic has to discharge its cargoes, and re-load above the rapids into the larger river steamers.

But I had almost forgotten the most exciting event of the day, which was our meeting with Baggallay's (of *All Hallows*) cousin, to whom we had a letter of introduction: we had feared we should not see him (for he lives in Teheran) but he was with Sir Francis Humphreys at lunch. In the evening we went to the Ahwaz Club to celebrate the New Year. We left soon after midnight, very tired.

NEW YEAR'S DAY (FRIDAY): We left AHWAZ at 8.30 a.m. on the second part of our journey to Fields. The track still went over the desert, past an occasional village and the remains of old irrigation canals long since dried up, with here and there a shady tree growing alone in the desert—*Der Baum in der Wueste*.\* These trees are far apart and often nowhere near any town: there seems no reason for them at all. Some of them are sacred trees and are hung with charms, usually a bit of rag torn from his clothing by some devout herdsman or traveller.

We crossed the Shar-i-Lahabari by a ferry, and from here we began to climb into the hills. At first they were small but definite, and stood out sharply as we approached them. Even the smaller ones seemed to have no order about them, and we dodged round them: then, as they grew bigger, we began seriously to climb. By this time the road had ceased to be a track and had a tarred surface. It climbed up the hillsides, which twisted about in a bewildering manner, with a series of hairpin bends, each one on the side of a precipice. We climbed over 2,000 feet in this way, looking down into a vast valley filled with hillocks. At last we came out on a plateau and, rounding a corner, saw FIELDS lying below us in a huge circle in the hills. Drawing up at the Naft Gate, we found Mr. and Mrs. Elkington with Mr. Clarke, the Fields Manager, and Mr. Urquhart, who was to look after us during our stay there. We went to the bungalow in CALGALI, on the south-east of Fields.

The first things in these masses of hills which impressed us were the four huge pipes which burn day and night 2,000,000 cubic feet of gas. Having this immense amount of spare gas, gas fires exist in every house on a lavish scale, and the natives are supplied with large cooking places. During the cold weather the donkeys gather round these fires in the hills, but keep at a respectful distance from the flames because of the heat.

After lunch Tubby and Urquhart went out for a walk on the desert golf course, while Stanley and I perched ourselves on the top of a hill behind the bungalow and took our bearings. At our feet lay the bungalow, and below it, on the next level piece of ground, the hospital: on the opposite side of the road the black tent of a Persian woman who had come to the hospital seeking to be cured. Beyond this, further into the bottom of the valley, was the Bazaar. From our point of vantage we could see one of the pipes of waste gas burning at the Eastern head of one of the valleys which converge to form the central plain of Masjid-i-Sulciman. To the North-west lay the main part of Fields, which stretched away for some five or six miles, shut in by high hills on every side. Above these hills to the North-east the snow of the Bakhtihari Mountains melted into the clouds. These snows were the only relief from the brown of the desert: they had been scarcely visible as we left Ahwaz, had stood out more and more as we came along, had been buried in the hills, and now we saw them again.

\* See the poem by Friedrich Hebbel (1813-63), "There stands a tree in the desert sand."



Mr. Elkington paid us a call after tea and arranged for our visit to the Wells next day. This evening Padre Reid received a telegram saying that a sailor had died in Abadan, and he had to return to take the funeral service, so that he cannot be in Fields with us.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2: We were taken to the Main Offices where Mr. Clarke, before sending us out on our tour, explained to us the lie of the Fields and the principle of drilling—the two methods of attacking an oil-field by the types of drill, percussion and rotary. Thus fortified with the elementary fact of a limestone dome beneath which lies the oil in fissures of the rocks and in its very pores, we set out to see a “rig” on which they were at work. Rig 182 had lost her mud, which is poured into the hole to oil the boring tool. It had suddenly disappeared down some fissure or other, and as no further supply of mud could fill it up, they were making mud as fast as possible when we got there. If they fail they then pour in crude oil in unlimited quantities. From here we went on to Well 187, a completed well consisting of a delivery pipe and two valves, and from here on to the Topping Plant. And so all the morning, to the Gas Separators and Flow Tanks, Well M 7 (which supplied the Navy with oil throughout the War); then to the Foundry and Workshops and Stores. Here a telephone message came through about our luggage. The Persians have a trying habit of taxing not only everything that comes into the country, but everything that goes out of it—down to Persian rugs and kittens, for aught I know. I had not counted on their wanting to see the contents of our trunk which was going on board the Tanker *British Princess*, and of which I had the key. There was no time for them to get the key as the ship was sailing on Monday. So the trunk had to go aboard, trusting in our honesty, which was above suspicion.

We went up to the “Slide” for our lunch. Sar-i-Gateh is a plateau, about 2,400 feet high, from which down to the valley runs the “Slide,” a trolley-car being suspended on a cable. We got up to this exalted spot for a picnic lunch and settled down near the edge of the cliff overlooking the Karun valley. In the background the Bakhtihari Mountains shone brighter and nearer than ever as the snow gleamed in the sunshine. It chanced that our bread had been wrapped up in an old copy of the *Daily Telegraph*, which I used as a tablecloth: looking down the page I discovered a paragraph headed “All Hallows’ Work of Courage”—a strange occasion to find such a reminder! After lunch we went down the “Slide” and got into cars waiting for us at the bottom. The valley from above had seemed to be full of petrified dragons, turned into stone by some Medusa’s head as in column they advanced upwards: from below it now appeared to be fortified by lines of double walls on the tops of the small hills which stretched lengthwise along it. This curious effect is caused by the limestone strata which lie in a horizontal position, forced up through an angle of 90 degrees along definite straight lines the whole length of the valley. The double walls of limestone stand out of the softer surrounding rocks, and between the two walls runs a track, perhaps six yards wide.

Down the valley, cutting across these ranges of walls, we went to the Pumping Station on the River Karun, which rushes along in a deep gorge. The Pump-house itself is on rails and can be drawn up out of the gorge as the floods increase. Our bungalow is here, perched on a ledge: it looks down-stream, over the ford where the tribes coming down from the North swim their flocks over and paddle themselves across on inflated skins. Coming back again we ascended the “Slide” and gave cigarettes to some tribesmen who were climbing up. At the bottom of the “Slide” Stanley and I had found Tubby listening to a gentleman playing on a primitive flute. It had the tone of a bagpipe, so feeble in volume that, for all his blowing, it was horribly reedy—one tune, composed, I think, of five notes and the eternal drone.

Home again to the Bungalow. Tubby and Stanley went off to a Masonic dinner; Urquhart and I remained at home in front of the gas fire, the roar and volume of which never ceased to amaze me.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 3: We began our visits with the Hospital, which is just below the bungalow. The most unusual feature was the Ice House into which they put patients with sun-stroke. The native Hospital adjoins the European one, and had several people in it. They have just installed an up-to-date X-ray apparatus and also have a wonderful operating theatre. From the Hospital we motored to TEMBI, the pumping-station and there met the most delightful set of people in the Club. They were mainly drillers and folk attached to the pumping-station.

From here the oil starts on its journey to Abadan and, once pumped over the hill behind the station, has sufficient power to run down to Abadan, but gets a few extra kicks on the way. It was here that Lindsay gave his life in 1917, when a pipe burst which would have created a lake of burning oil, had he not rushed through the oil, knowing that he would himself become a torch of flame, and turned off the gas from the furnaces, while Mr. Still (who has just retired) shut off the pumps. Thus, the oil for the Fleet was able to reach the ships. Still himself was badly burnt, but managed to get back to turn off the remaining furnaces and to carry Lindsay clear of the fire (but he was so burnt that he died a few hours later). Still then went back again and fought the fire to save the new Pump House. Lindsay won a posthumous Albert Medal in gold, Still the Albert Medal in silver.

A service was held in the evening at the Central Hall, which, despite its name, is removed from most of the bungalows. As Padre Reid could not get back from Abadan, Tubby and Stanley took the service between them. The whole of Fields, except those on duty, was present. Tubby preached a short sermon and afterwards talked on 'Toc H.

MONDAY, JANUARY 4: In the morning we visited the Zoroastrian Temple of MASJID-I-SULEIMAN, one of two temples on the hills north of the Valley. The Persians have some sort of shrine among the ruins and also a cemetery in which just two stones mark the head and the feet of the low, wind-swept mounds. Where a man of valour is buried, there perhaps a lion may be roughly carved on the headstone. The old Temple fares ill, for the natives take its stones for their own purposes. We left these ancient remains and went along the hill road in a semi-circle: we passed the second Temple, but had not time to stop. A single rough-hewn column stood out against the sky-line, left there, the tribes say, by a man who was carrying it on his back for the building of Masjid-i-Sulciman when he met another man who told him it was finished. In his disappointment he let it slide from his back—and it stuck into the ground at an angle of 60 degrees, where it remains!

On our way down into Fields again we called on Mrs. Hughes, whom Tubby had known at Portsea: her husband was on the "rig" near-by, but we did not meet him. We lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Gibson. Tubby spent a great deal of time trying to get rubbings of a sculptured head they had found near the second of the old temples, but all efforts failed and we took some photographs of it, hoping for the best. We had an early lunch because we were to leave at 2 p.m. by aeroplane for HAFT KEL, and since it was windy we had to go up to the aerodrome by the "Slide," a wide table-land among the hills. In a short time we were in the air and looking at these chaotic grey-brown hills from above—lines of hills crossed by hills, cut with dry river-beds or hemmed round by water-courses awaiting rain; to the South-east the vast, long Hog's Back remained the one thing calm and undisturbed, a link with the silent snows of the mountains. Over about 40 miles of this sea of hills we flew, until the flames from a pipe burning waste gas told us we were approaching HAFT KEL.

We landed in a wide, shallow valley, with "rigs" scattered far apart up and down it, for HAFT KEL is a new field, and has been attached with all the experience of Masjid-i-Suleiman to hand. One Well here is capable of producing a million gallons a day, and that through a  $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch "bean." Tubby and I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, Stanley with Hodges whom we had met in Abadan on Christmas Day. We all had dinner together and then went down to the Club. It was rather a damp night, but a good few people turned up and gathered round the blazing wood-fires. This fuel, I believe, is old packing-cases, etc.; there certainly is not a tree for miles around. Plants have a bad time of it, for they have lived through a Summer in a temperature of 125 degrees in the shade; they receive an almost regular triennial plague of locusts, which come in swarms, lying ankle-deep until they have eaten all vegetation. Here, when licences for fire-arms and cartridges can be obtained, is good shooting, mainly black partridge and duck. The licences, however, are hard to obtain and ammunition difficult to import, for the King has disarmed the tribes and is taking great precautions to keep them so.

Trouble seldom occurs with the tribes. One unfortunate at MASJID-I-SULEIMAN, however, was nearly killed last year. He was driving back one night, when he was set upon by robbers who believed him to be a Jew returning home with money. They shot him, stopped his car, pulled him out and dragged him over the hillside. When they discovered their mistake they made off with all they could lay hands on. The wounded man struggled back to his car and managed to get to a telephone before he collapsed. The puppy which he was bringing back with him crept into the car and was saved. It is now a large and hearty animal, living with the Hunters: it nearly devoured both Tubby and me.

The Persian Police are quite efficient and come in for severe punishment if they abuse their privileges—100 stripes for unnecessarily rough handling of any other native. In this case the Police searched for the attackers, but the matter simplified itself for, unable to agree as to the distribution of the spoils, the robbers shot one another (one while bathing) until there was but one left; he was captured by the Police and strung up, which brought the gang to an end.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 5: We returned to ABADAN by air, calling at AHWAZ for lunch. Tubby spent the time before lunch writing up notes on Persian history from a lecture Mr. Clegg had lent him. In the early afternoon we found ourselves back in ABADAN with our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Elkington. They had arranged for Stanley, Mr. Gass, Padre Reid and Mr. and Mrs. Walker to come to dinner—so we had a delightful party for our last evening. At tea this afternoon we met the Company's Persian legal adviser, Imami, from whom Tubby got introductions to Persians in London.

After we had said Good-night to our host and hostess, Tubby and I struggled to make our belongings go into a smaller space than they needed, and these manœuvres kept us busy well into the early hours.

*This brings the Pilgrims to the turning-point of their journey. Next month's section of the Diary will picture their homeward journey by air, by train, and on board an Oil-Tanker.*



## THE WORLD CONFERENCE OPENS

*Last August Mr. ALEC WILSON, M.R.I.A., wrote specially for this JOURNAL an admirable series of articles on Disarmament, which began publication in our October issue and ended with the opening of the World Conference at Geneva last month. He has now very kindly acceded to our request to write some notes on the course of events as the momentous Conference proceeds.*

AS long as there is History to write, one chapter in it will begin at February 2, 1932. Past all doubt, this year is the critical year: crisis is piled upon crisis,—Economics, Trade, Money, War Debts, Reparations, Unemployment, the relations between East and West, alike in India and in China, and Armaments. One way or the other, we are moving: upwards or downwards: sliding towards immeasurable calamity, or taking the first steps to betterment. The turning-point must come during this year of 1932. There is plenty to warrant the blackest pessimism, and plenty more to justify constructive hope. Which way are we heading? Nobody knows.

But what anyone can do is try to see the news of to-day as dispassionately as our future historian will see it: granted that he will have the advantage of knowing the result, which we do not, there is none the less a body of facts and of forces, a frame-work, which, as plainly to us as to him, set limits within which the solutions must be found.

Look back a sentence or two, at that list of critical issues: with the exception of India, every single one of those problems is an *International* problem,—not one of them can by any possibility be solved by any Nation apart from the rest. No need to argue the point: it leaps to the eye. So we take that as starting-point or our comments on two weeks of world history.

It is an almost incredible piece of good fortune that the Conference on Armaments *had* to be held. The long years of its preparation, and the decisions which made its postponement impossible, have chanced (if chance is the right word) to come to a head at a moment of incalculable importance. For in no other conceivable way could all the Nations of the World have been induced, or compelled, to get together—Russia and America and the lesser peoples, as well as Great Britain, France and Germany. We failed the other day to get even those last three together at Lausanne: what ghost of a chance would there have been of persuading the whole round world to meet for discussion upon any of those major problems, except at this Armaments Conference, to which they had already been long committed? Moreover, the men who are now at Geneva are themselves (or officially represent), the men responsible for the actual machinery of Government of all mankind.

If, then, mankind is to begin to move upwards, if Governments are to get a grip upon the issues that are dragging them all downwards, is it thinkable that these men will not seize the opportunity thrust into their hands by this Conference to open discussions among themselves about some, or many, or all those other issues? If they do not—God help us, for we will deserve the fate of the Gadarene swine.

By a grim accident (if it be an accident), the circumstances in which the Conference began have lifted its whole debate above the level of mere academic discussion. Our future historian will not fail to note the distant grumble of the guns at Shanghai,—perhaps he will repeat the rumour that a Chinese delegate suggested a “radio hook-up,” so that the Conference might listen-in to what was happening out there! No merely cynical or grotesque suggestion, either: that growl and rattle would but give fair warning to the delegates of the results which must almost certainly follow their failure. For those who have ears to hear, the nearer thunder of economic guns is no less audible: prices still dropping, unemployment still rising, the period of moratorium still running out. . . .

In this setting, the First World Conference opens.

A few days ago, I saw a real good film, *Congress Dances*. Between chuckles, I could not help contrasting the old choice of a President for a great Conference, and the new. Then, a Tsar Alexander of Russia: now, a man who served his time as an IRON-MOULDER in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mr. Arthur Henderson’s Presidency stands as not the least notable symbol of a changing world.

#### The Petitions presented

And then, on the morning of Saturday, February 6, another event with no precedent in History. Never until then had the voice of the outside public been allowed to penetrate within the solemn halls where their destinies were to be decided. That morning, delegations claiming to speak for 70,000,000 people presented their hopes for a successful result. A rough classification of the groups is not without significance. There were, in the first place, women. Can one distil the ultimate reason? Perhaps because they see, some clearly, some dimly, that the old claim that Armaments could *defend* civilians against attack is no longer true. Next, there were workers: organised Labour would seem to have learned that War and Armaments destroy their means of livelihood. A third group were the world’s ex-servicemen: no more poignant moment in this Conference than that when the blinded Frenchman walked up the aisle to the Tribune arm-in-arm with his blinded German fellow-member of F.I.D.A.C. The last main section was that of the world’s University students: here is a passage from the remarkable speech by Mr. Green, a young American:—

“It is my generation which will be requested to destroy the best of human culture, perhaps civilisation itself, for causes which future historians will discover to be erroneous, if not stupid or vicious. I am presenting an ultimatum rather than a petition.”

These petitions were organised by different countries in different ways: in Canada, for instance, the blank forms were made available in every Post Office and in every Bank throughout the Dominion. In Holland, the idea was taken up by the Press as a whole, with the result that one-half of the entire adult population of Holland forwarded their signatures. In England, one-quarter of the whole list of signatures was directly due to a single Press-Lord, who, by *attacking* the League of Nations and the L.N.U., added 500,000 names to the British lists. Of course,

all these efforts were voluntary, and so (often) casual and ill-organised. Walthamstow proved what could have been done elsewhere if the staff-work had been available: that one sector of London's outer ring added 50,000 names in a week.

### The Great Debate opens

The Great Debate was opened by France: followed in rapid succession by ourselves, the United States, Germany, Italy, Japan and Russia. You have doubtless read a good many of the speeches—I wonder if you have noticed how true to form they have all been running? *France* starts off, once more, from the mark dated 1919, an armed League which can guarantee the Security of its Members: get that and we will talk business about lowering our armaments. *England* and *America* would like other Nations to give up the weapons we dislike ourselves. *Germany* demands fulfilment of Treaty pledges, and equal conditions for all. To complete the series, it is worth recollecting the *Russian* proposals for complete and all-round abolition of armaments, because that plan gives you the other logical extreme as opposed to the French ideal. The one, aiming at National Security, *via* Disarmament proposes to *disarm*, and have done with it: the other, with a similar aim, proposes to *pool forces*, for joint guarantee. In between these extremes stand most of the rest of the world, including ourselves,—illogical, perhaps, but perhaps also more politically practical.

If there were no more to be said, the prospects of this Conference would be gloomy indeed: deadlock between opposites, or endless pursuit of each other's tails in revolving circles. But there is more. Things have moved a bit already. The French plan contains much more than an armed League. The Americans have given up a point they have stubbornly opposed for years: they have accepted the principle of limitation by budget. We have already, at this early stage, begun to see the *possibility* of a real measure of agreement,—a resultant of the various forces,—through compromise and concession.

The essential hope that appears is this. Covenant and Kellogg Pact renounce the right of attack: they do *not* renounce the right of *defence*. Very well. Concentrate on the major tools of attack, on what Captain Liddell Hart vividly calls the "tin-openers": tanks, heavy artillery, submarines, bombers, and so forth. Weaken the attack, strengthen the defence—or rather, leave it alone. The interest of this is that it is far more a psychological than a technical approach; it does get inside the feeling that security would be increased, and consequently it makes the political approach to agreement easy in place of difficult. Now please to note this: abolition, or reduction, of these "tin-openers" forms part of everybody's proposals up-to-date. Watch this point: it may be the crystallising point of success.

And then? Why, the whole complex of world-problems may, in the end, turn on that one little pivot. For if we manage to solve one problem that all the wiseacres have been declaring insoluble, men will be cheered on to tackle others,—and this all the more, because all of them do, in actual fact, hang together.

Things, in fact, have started so favourably that one cannot help imagining what might happen if some one country should see fit to offer some one really vital



contribution to world politics: to *give*, rather than to take, in the give-and-take of this huge discussion. Suppose France were to admit her willingness to revise the sore parts of the Treaties? Suppose America were willing to drop her ancient claim to Neutrality? Suppose we British were in return to take our share of responsibility for stopping armed attack on a neighbour? Suppose . . . ? Why the whole of the rest of this year might go like the nursery rhyme: the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to bite the pig, and the pig *did* get over the stile!

Barely possible, you say? Maybe, a dream destroyed before these words see print! But where do we go, if these things fail this year? Our future historian will point to the astonishing chances we had, and tell how we missed them, and moralise over the calamities of human folly.

ALEC WILSON.

## SUNSET IN CEYLON

I WATCHED the sun's slow-smouldering funeral pyre  
II Being extinguished by the honey-sweet  
Libation of the sea; and when the fire  
Was dead, I saw the stars run out to meet  
And gather up his ashes in the urn  
Of night; but yet with such unwilling grace  
He died, it seemed that when he should return  
Two fires would look each other in the face.  
Then while I cried aloud in agony  
For one to build me pyres of sinfulness  
And burn to ashes my impurity  
With swifter flames of perfect holiness,  
An angel plucked a live coal from the sky  
And touched my lips, and bade me prophesy.

*Kandy Group.*

A. W.

## THE ELDER BRETHREN

Leslie W. C. Bailey, Chairman of Willenhall

WITH proud thanksgiving, members of Willenhall Group (Staffs.) remember their Chairman, who met his death in a motor accident at Henley-in-Arden on February 8. He was an excellent leader, with much tact and business sense. He devoted his energies especially to helping people in difficulties and will be missed by hundreds in Willenhall, and by the many causes, social and religious, which he served.

Elizabeth Ray, Secretary of Stockton and Thornaby L.W.H

Our deepest sympathy goes to Sid Ray, a very long-service member of Toc H, on the death of his wife, which leaves a big gap in the ranks of L.W.H. and will be keenly felt by local Toc H members who knew her. She was a keen Secretary and a personality who commanded everyone's affection and respect.

## A PASSPORT FOR TOC H JOURNEYMEN

WITHIN the widely scattered family of Toc H, there are men whose interests and occupations prevent their regular attendance at weekly or fortnightly meetings, yet who are thereby not a whit less true members of the family. The commercial traveller may spend occasional week-ends at his home, but during the week he may meet fellow-members in five different towns. The long-distance lorry-driver may have wearisome hours of waiting miles from home. The travelling showman may spend a week in one town and a fortnight in another with miles on the road in between. The air-pilot may cover thousands of miles and yet find a Toc H meeting to welcome him in Cape Town or Croydon, in Brisbane or Baghdad. The director may visit his firm's branches in East Africa or South America, in Western Australia or Northern Ireland. The youngster outward-bound may need a welcome at Montreal or Rio, at Bombay or Colombo. The sailor and all sea-faring men may have many ports of call and rarely the same one repeated often in the course of a year. All of these and others will be helped by having some credentials to present when they roll up to a meeting or offer their help for a job in some place where they are unknown and yet members or probationers of one great family.

Hence the provision of "*The Toc H Journeyman's Passport*"—not a membership card, for it will not be accepted as such, nor an infallible means of identification, but a token, whereby a welcome may be assured, and also a record of a measure of fellowship and service in many places. The holder of a Passport may be an elected member of Toc H fulfilling and recording his membership under strange conditions, or he may be one who is journeying, not only in the course of his normal occupation, but as a probationer on his way to membership; his "log" will record the visits paid and jobs done and will be a witness of his keenness for full membership. It is worth while to quote an officer member in the Royal Navy:—

"I do want to say this, because I feel it very strongly. I think Toc H Groups and Branches over the world might well be instructed in regard to their dealings with 'journeymen,' bringing this passport with them. As one of them myself, I feel we lack the inestimable benefit of family or group circle; with its atmosphere of happiness in the one, and the opportunity to escape from one's own individuality in the Group life. It is there, so it seems to me, that spiritual inspiration has most opportunity. The 'journeyman' needs to feel that influence wherever he meets Toc H; a genuine welcome certainly, friends ready-made by all means, but he needs more than that, he needs to feel it is Toc H and no mere friendly society, that he has come to. I would ask the group to receive a 'journeyman' as one of themselves; to go out of their way to help him to render service, and so get away from himself and satisfy his instinct for Toc H. The 'journeyman' needs contact with the best of the group; he needs inspiration; and he needs someone to unburden himself to; and if Groups will make it a real part of their work to help the journeyman towards realising his membership, then he, in his turn, may well carry a message and a spirit from place to place, round the world. Hospitality is not enough; Toc H grants that in full to many travellers who are not of their company, as we in the Navy gratefully acknowledge. But the 'journeyman' is one of themselves; and can only maintain his standards, by the help of inspiration from the Groups."

These Passports are now available at the nominal price of threepence each, but they will not be distributed indiscriminately. They will become personal possessions, worthy of careful safeguarding, and will be issued with the care they deserve. This is how they can be obtained on a full statement with the application:—By Branches and Groups at Home: on

the Secretary's application to the Area Secretary. By Branches and Groups overseas: on the Secretary's application to the Provincial Registrar or equivalent officer. By men in the Royal Navy: from their Fleet Secretary. By men not attached to any unit at home and proceeding overseas: from the Overseas Office. By General Members and men applying for membership of the General Branch: from the Area Secretary or from the Registrar at Headquarters.

Each Passport will be available for a period of two years from the date of issue and may then be renewed. It bears a registered number, which will be recorded with all particulars by the issuing officer. Although small enough to fit into the pocket of the Toc H Diary, it includes ample space for entries in the part called "The Journeyman's Log," in which the Branch or Group acting as hosts to the holder are invited to record their welcome, the Secretary, Jobmaster, Padre and Pilot signing an entry showing the nature of meeting or job done.

Let there be no error of thought leading to some idea that only the visitor from afar who bears a Passport is to expect a welcome. Every Toc H member is pledged "to be responsible for the welcome and well-being of those commended to his friendship."\* The Passport, rightly used, will be a commendation and may sometimes obviate some gentle cross-examination, but its presence or its absence must make no difference to the warmth of welcome to every man who sincerely desires friendship and bears nothing but goodwill towards his hosts. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

## TUBBY'S PANCAKE PARTY

THE cream and green *décor* of the Prince's Hall, Lambeth Baths, on Shrove Tuesday, seemed a fit setting for the assembled Jacks and Jills, reflecting their gay spontaneity, youth and enthusiasm. While the hall was filling to capacity, "Reddy" Redgrove, well known on many a Festival platform, led the crowd from chorus to chorus, followed by Mulcaster of *Leighton*, under whose fingers lightning and libellous portraits of Toc H personalities, caricatures, and the wildest freaks of imagination sprang into being on white paper with black chalk. Then, like the chairman of the old-time music hall, Harry Willink appeared to introduce with an air of pride "The Roosters," of war-time and wireless fame. These revels over, Tubby and Harry Chappell, dressed in flowing Arab robes, made their way on to the platform to receive a thunderous greeting from all the mighty heart of London. Just a few words from Tubby, then at a sign, one by one the lights flickered out, giving way to one steady flame that leaped under kindling fingers for "Light."

Then Tubby and Harry tried to teach the congregation the Persian greeting "*Salaam Alaykum*" to be used later in the evening. By now the stage was set for the "Pancake Grease." The champions from their districts, garbed suitably, formed a circle and the diminutive chef sent the cake curving through the air, to be engulfed in a flurry of arms and legs. Eventually the whistle blew, the corpses were dragged off, and the moist dough was found adhering to the person of the *Erith and Belvedere* champion, who consequently won the prize. So followed an interval for apples and bananas, until the anthem "Sit down, sit down," to the chime of the Westminster bells, restored order in time for Tubby to produce his star of the evening, his host in Persia, Sir John Cadman, who was received warmly with the rehearsed "*Salaam Alaykum*." Sir John briefly and modestly told the history of the connection between the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and Toc H, and the reasons for Tubby's

\* The Prayer for Toc H in London includes these words: "Strengthen our hands to minister in friendship and service to the life of this City. May they ever be swift in hospitality towards our brethren, coming from afar, halting here awhile and passing on their way."

visit. As he finished, London said "Thank you, Sir John," in an unmistakable fashion. Swiftly events took a sinister turn. Rex, the one-time London Secretary, was arrested! While the prisoner was out of the room, Tubby told what debt Toc H in London owed to Rex Calkin, for his vision, vigilance and loyalty.

"Bring in the prisoner!" To the drub of a drum, a sad *cortège* paced slowly up the gangway. First came the chef, turned drummer, then the victim blindfolded and halting between the scarlet and gold of two Yeomen of the Guard, was brought on to the stage and sentence of death was about to be carried out, when a reprieve arrived with a clean surplice, a bribe for Tubby, who thereupon handed Rex a large leather-bound volume of signatures from all the family in London, a small tribute of its affection, and London cheered. The long evening was three-quarters spent when Tubby began with quip and crank the full, true, and particular story of the Persian Pilgrimage. But this is no place to record that saga, like a romance from "A Thousand Nights and One" to London ears. With matchless skill, here in a few words was the changeless East before us, but with an added mystery, for while a sand-storm raged in Basra, in a small room of a desert fort under the paling stars, Bread and Wine became the Eternal Sacrifice. . . .

After the first verse of the Song of the Builders, the Hall was in darkness again except where the Lamp from the Brothers' House threw leaping shadows, as Owen Watkins led our thoughts Homeward with prayer and praises. So London entered the season of Lent with hearts high and deep intent, and the world was white with a flurry of snow.

#### For necessary action

Could anyone please offer young married man a job in the *country* in any part of England? Compelled to leave position owing to London being very unsuitable for wife's health. A small business proposition or anything else entertained. Wife's occasional help if required. Highly recommended by Toc H Headquarters. Further particulars from:—

G. B., c/o THE EDITOR, Toc H JOURNAL, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.

### THE L.W.H FESTIVAL

**S**ATURDAY and Sunday, February 13 and 14, were uplifting days for our sisters of the League of Women Helpers, and offered a great variety of events to the members who came from all parts of the country to London. A full account will no doubt be found in the next issue of *The Log*, their own magazine, but at least a note on the Lamp Lighting Festival of L.W.H. is due, alongside our warmest "Many happy returns," in these pages.

The Festival proper was immediately preceded by a ceremony in All Hallows Church, in which the L.W.H. was directly concerned. Its Patroness, H.R.H. the Duchess of York, unveiled, at Tubby's request, two windows, newly filled with beautiful heraldic glass, in the Prince's Chapel. One of these bore her own arms and those of other women.\*

\* Each window has three lofty lights. The one nearest to the Prince's Lamp bears the arms of the Prince of Wales in the centre light, flanked on the left by the arms of Lord Plumer, on the right by those of the late Sir Frederick Milner, that redoubtable champion of the disabled ex-service man and faithful member of Toc H. The glass below the Royal arms contains a poem "To John": on the left of it are set the names of Lord Goschen (Chairman of the South Eastern Area) in memory of a son killed in action, while on the right stand the arms of Lord Forster (Chairman of the Central Executive) in memory of his two sons who fell in the War. The other three-light window commemorates women associated with Toc H and L.W.H. In the centre are the arms of the Duchess of York, flanked by those of the Westminster family, in memory of the Duke of Westminster's mother, Sybil, Countess Grosvenor, an original President of Toc H, and those of Major-General Sir Reginald May (late Chairman of Toc H) in memory of Lady May. The badge of the Royal Red Cross commemorates Rose Stapleton, R.R.C. (Foundation Member of Toc H) and a panel honours Bessie Henderson, for many years a worker in the parish. Lord Plumer, Lord Forster, Lord and Lady Goschen, "Reggie" May and his two sons, as well as Bishop Talbot (within a few days of his 88th birthday) were present at the unveiling.

The crowded church emptied and rapidly filled again to its utmost capacity for the L.W.H. Service of Thanksgiving and Re-dedication. The form of service was original and beautiful. It began and ended with long and lovely hymns: "Jerusalem, my happy home," and 'Tubby's *Carol for the Lamps of the Magnificat*, and it incorporated the first Toc H Litany.

After the interval—of characteristic gaiety—for High Tea, the great congregation streamed Westwards to the Hall of the Church House, Westminster. The hall was packed in every part and a series of delightful songs and madrigals by the St. George's Singers held the

audience while the Duchess of York and others were addressing an overflow meeting elsewhere. When the Patroness arrived, with Tubby, she was greeted with great enthusiasm and a charming speech of welcome from Lady Forster. In the pause which followed she said a few words and then the long procession of L.W.H. Rushlights advanced up the hall, divided and climbed to the gallery on either side; the old Lamps followed, led by "the Gen" bearing the Prince's Lamp, burning. The new Lamps then came forward and were presented for lighting by the Patroness, their bearers kneeling in the time-honoured manner: they were the symbols of Blackheath and Greenwich, Carrington, Darlington, Hampstead, Harpenden, Lewisham, Muswell Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Pretoria, Romford, Sydenham, Wellington (N.Z.) and York. The Ceremony of



*The Lady with the Lamp.*

Light, taken by the Patroness herself, Tubby's Family Prayers and a hymn completed a simple and wholehearted programme.

Sunday was a very full day. It began with Communion Services—for Anglicans at All Hallows, for Free Church members at Forty-Two Trinity Square; continued after breakfast, with a Festival sermon in All Hallows by Owen Watkins; went on, after lunch, with a Family gathering at Church House; and ended with a memorable talk by Tubby in All Hallows that night.

\* \* \* \*

It was an inspiring week-end, and none of the few Toc H onlookers privileged to be present at some of its events could doubt the sincerity and the true "loyalty of mind" in which the L.W.H. goes forward beside us.

## A BAG OF BOOKS

### Peace and War

*The Dragon's Teeth.* By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.  
Constable, 10s.

Here is a strange book: 3,000 years of War and Peace packed into 300 pages. General Fuller's equipment for his self-imposed task includes so wide a reading of such varied and such unusual material, that he must have wondered how to compress so much into so small a compass. Many will find the book difficult to read, partly because of the mass of unfamiliar history and out-of-the-way fact from which it is largely constructed, but more so because of the writer's use of his material.

What is the plan of the book? Most of us certainly over-simplify our arguments upon great matters. "War" and "Peace" are opposites, like black and white: "Progress" climbs step by step from savagery up to civilisation: "History" repeats itself: "Human Nature" never changes: and so forth. We argue in straight lines or in circles. General Fuller presents human history as a spiral—the architecture of his book is like that of the Tower of Pisa, whose stair leads upwards by ever returning upon itself.

Once the reader has grasped the principle on which the book is designed, it ceases to be, as it at first appears, a mere assemblage of paradox and self-contradiction. The toxin generates the anti-toxin. "What is War? Intensified Peace. . . . It is Peace which we must exorcise, Peace which **must** be freed of its diseases." "The problem is not to outlaw War, but to establish it on a reasonable footing and then wait until Nations outgrow it or willingly cast it aside." Because, with the ever-growing application of science to War, "Heroism, the one virtue of War, will be gone . . . War will become as ridiculous a solution to human quarrels, as the burning of witches eventually became to the extermination of witchcraft."

General Fuller lays about him with a will—Alexander the Great, Imperial Rome, Christianity, Lloyd George, Germany, the League of Nations, Tariffs, Conscription,—hardly a man, hardly a human institution, during 3,000 years, escapes his scathing condemnation. Sometimes one is reminded of the Irishman's advice in a riot: "Wherever you see a head, hit it!" And, since almost everything human is wrong, one finds oneself wondering what General Fuller would do to set everything right? Here one is in for a bitter disappointment—"to begin with, a Committee of wise and just men." For the Tower of Pisa is a Leaning Tower—the General's structure has a serious slant against Democracy: Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people, for the people," must go. No limit here of the process by which that Committee is to be chosen—no definition of "wisdom" or "justice"—worse still, no suggestion how that super-Committee is to be altered or replaced if its proposals fail!

Altogether, the book is likely to serve rather as a quarry of quotations for and against both War and Peace, than as a quarry of stones for building a better world: often enough those quotations deserve to be printed in purple ink!

No doubt the public is by now quite accustomed to the works of eminent Commanders, all of whom prove how badly the others managed the War. No doubt General Fuller's book surpasses them all, since few things under the sun escape the lash. But who would undertake to prove the argument wrong, by citing any sufficiently conclusive evidence that this world is wise and sane to-day?



## Tubby's New Book

*Earthquake Love.* By the Rev. P. B. Clayton. Bles., 3s. 6d.

The title of this little book will certainly arrest attention, but anyone who picks it off the bookstall hoping for a Hollywood plot will be disillusioned. And yet it is as full of romance as many a good novel, for it is mainly concerned, in Tubby's lively style, with the real-life romance of the foundation and growth of Toc H. Most of the sixteen pieces it contains have already appeared in print in various papers, at least half of them in this JOURNAL. But members will welcome a handy small volume which makes them accessible and gives them a permanent home. The fact that there was one of England's rare earthquakes on the night of our Festival at the Crystal Palace last June gives Tubby a hint and a title for his delightful opening essay, and those which follow are full of characteristic personal touches about individuals and bodies of Toc H members. Some problems of Church and State are also touched upon, and the last three pieces are excellent examples of Tubby's power, ever fresh to many of us, of making a landscape come alive with historical meaning. When you find a man saying—as men sometimes do say—"There are lots of societies: why have another called Toc H?" you may safely put this book into his hand. For some of the things which are said in it, and some of the ways in which they are said, belong to Tubby and to Toc H alone.

## The Compleat Citizen

*Ourselves and the Community.* By E. E. Reynolds. Cambridge University Press, 5s.

Here is a book which will help every one of us to catch himself out. Do you know the difference between a "factory" and a "workshop"? Or whether your M.P. is a "delegate" or a "representative"? Or when and why the policeman shouts "Who goes home?" Do you know how many inhabitants your village needs to entitle it to have a Parish Council, or how many members may sit on it or what their job is? To whom would you complain about a muddy footpath? Would it be a good thing to have "free secondary education for all"? Is Southern Rhodesia a Dominion, a Crown Colony or a Protectorate—and which is Northern Rhodesia? What is the "Covenant" of the League of Nations (mentioned every day at the Disarmament Conference)? What and why are "untouchables," the I.L.O., Queen Anne's Bounty, the *Daily Mail*, a "Co-op.," a Bailie, an Order in Council? And where do you come in? These are questions which come to hand as it idly turns over the 250 pages of this orderly, readable, closely-packed book. And as we settle down to read the chapters carefully we find on every page things we ought to have known but somehow have never troubled to be quite clear about. Being a British citizen is such a complicated honour. It takes a good pathfinder to guide us through the maze of rights and duties which is our inheritance, and it is not without significance that the writer dates his preface from Gilwell Park. But this is a book not only for Rover or Ranger, but for us all.

## Two Books for Scouts

*Scouting for Boys*, the "classic" on a great movement, was first published in fortnightly parts at 4d. each twenty-four years ago. It now appears in a special "Boys' Edition" at 1s. There is no need to review the book which started the spirit of Scouting on its journey round the world, but there is every reason to welcome it again in a new form made accessible to all boys.

*Plays, Sketches and Stunts for Scout Shows* is a new book, also published at 1s., which preserves some old favourites as well as provides new material. The Dramatic Adviser to Scout Headquarters, Mr. Stuart Monroe, is responsible for its issue.

## SEA-GOING BOYS AT HOME

*This is the record of a milestone reached in a venture of faith. A search for premises for a boys' club several years ago in the dockside streets of Southampton brought to light a public-house which was bought by Toc H and fitted out to continue its public service in a new sphere: in it was established a hostel for boys of the mercantile marine—a new departure. So real was the need it met and so happy its management that the venture soon came to be regarded as an essential service. Hence its new and more adequate home.*

CAPTAIN SIR BURTON CHADWICK, Deputy Master of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners, opened the new premises of the Talbot House Sea-going Boys' Club at Southampton on February 4, a date which happily coincided with the birthday of Colonel "DICK" PENNELL, who has done so much for the Club since its inception. THE PRINCE OF WALES, who had planned to attend, sent a personal message conveying his best wishes to all present and his sincere congratulations to those who had worked so hard to bring the work to a successful conclusion.

LORD FORSTER read a telegram from SIR PERCY BATES on behalf of his colleagues of the Cunard Company at Liverpool, and a letter from Major TREVOR LEWIS on behalf of the White Star Line; also from H.R.H. as follows:—

"As I unfortunately cannot be present in person, I am very glad that Sir Burton Chadwick, as Deputy-Master of my Company, is opening on my behalf the new Sea-going Boys' Club at Southampton. Through him I send my best wishes to all present at the opening ceremony and my sincere congratulations to those who have worked so hard to bring this work to a successful completion. The Club has been built entirely by Toc H with the help of the Pilgrim Trust, and may therefore be regarded as a real Transatlantic service link. To many other kind friends our gratitude is due, and they could hardly have contributed to an object of greater use and worth than a Club for sea-going boys, which I sincerely hope will before long find its counterpart in the other great ports of the Empire. I wish all that is well to those who in the days to come use this Club and to those who work here in its interest.—EDWARD P."

SIR BURTON CHADWICK, in declaring the Club open, said that the Prince of Wales was particularly disappointed at not being present because the institution contained within its walls two elements, of each of which he was the head and in each of which he was so intensely interested—Toc H which had created the Club, and the Merchant Navy, for which it was created.

He added that "out of a long and still vivid experience—for I spent years of my boyhood at sea in sailing ships sailing to the ports of the world which were notoriously dangerous for sailor boys—I could tell you of actual experiences which you would hardly believe of those old days, when what was called 'blood money' provided a good living for some of the most desperate and foul men and women of the waterside of the world both in this country and abroad. That has changed, and it has changed owing to the devoted and heroic efforts of such men and women as are responsible for the establishment and enlargement of this club." Yet, though the rough brutality might have disappeared, equally dangerous pitfalls were awaiting the strange boy, even in that very up-to-date and well-ordered port of Southampton, and such a resort as that Club would be of the greatest possible value.

Starting from the foot of the stairs and at the first-floor landing the BISHOP OF SOUTHAMPTON then blessed the house, its living and sleeping rooms, and offered prayers for those who dwell and work therein, a special prayer being offered for those mourning the loss of the submarine



ABOVE: The new building of Talbot House Club for Sea-going Boys at Southampton.  
 BELOW: The "family" at the time of its opening. In the centre, Captain R. A. C. Radcliffe (Warden); on the right, beside him, Lt.-Col. "Dick" Pennell (Chairman of Committee), and Ernest Rutter ("Nippy," Sub-Warden).



ABOVE: The Chapel, seen from the doorway.

BELOW: A corner of the Club-room.

M2. Then, proceeding to the beautiful little oak-panelled and furnished Chapel on the top floor, he dedicated it and its appointments to the Service and Glory of God. After the Service, the guests, numbering about 100, toured the house before having tea in the gymnasium, still awaiting some generous donor for its necessary furnishings. Some of the distinguished Admirals and Officers of the Merchant Marine present looked, perhaps, somewhat askance at the refinement of the furnishings of the various rooms, but Toc H believes that beauty makes its appeal to the roughest and will gain the respect of these boys, who have had little beauty in their lives. Every detail for cleanliness, efficiency and comfort has been thought out by the architect and carried out with meticulous care by the builder and his men, thus creating, not merely an up-to-date home which stands probably unequalled by any similar institution, but a memorial of a genuine love on the part of its builders for the purpose to which they had so conscientiously laboured. To this, the first building created from foundation to roof by Toc H for its own particular purpose, a corporate job of service for the youth of the high seas, many old and new friends of Toc H have generously contributed; the Pilgrim Trust, that magnificent mark of appreciation by an American citizen of the spirit of England, has given £2,500; the site was an anonymous gift costing £2,750; H.R.H. the Patron was instrumental in securing £500 from funds at his disposal, leading publishing firms have donated books to the most attractive and cosy library, while Mr. Omar Ramsden, the famous artist in metalwork, having been commissioned to make the pewter altar cross and candles, added as his own personal gift the figure of the Great Elder Brother as a memorial to those boys of the sea services who gave their lives in the Great War.

The bulk of the furnishing cost has been borne by Toc H, but it is hoped that, as in all Toc H houses, rooms may be dedicated as Memorials to those who have passed on and thus the expenditure be gradually refunded. This will release funds which can be ill-spared in the present need of development in the life of Toc H.

Over 600 different boys have passed through the Club since it was opened in its former tiny premises in 1924, and in spite of serious overcrowding, feeding in relays and sleeping where they could, the boys came back again and again, and to many of them it was the only home they knew. The Dock House Branch of Toc H makes service to the Club its special job and, acting as elder brothers, its members have brought a steady and persistently good influence to bear on the boys. Most people are unaware that a ship's boy is paid off immediately a ship arrives in port and may or may not be re-engaged for the next voyage. The Club not merely provides a home for them while ashore, but also assists them to secure re-engagement; and the shipping companies very largely make a point of engaging the boys they want from those living in the Club.

The Club is run on business lines, the boys paying up to 3s. a day for board and lodging if they can afford to do so, but no boys are refused admission or turned out because they cannot pay anything, and in these days a considerable number are being maintained free of expense while awaiting re-engagement.

A very pleasing feature of the work is that many boys who through unemployment have been unable to contribute to their maintenance while at the Club have subsequently, when in employment, repaid their debt. Naturally, as the number of boys in port is always fluctuating and continued employment uncertain, the Club can never be wholly self-supporting and has in the past been largely maintained by donations and allocation by some of the Steamship companies from passengers' contributions to the Seamen's Charities. With the enlargement of the work made possible by the new premises, which will accommodate 48 boys, it will be necessary to find increased revenue and it is hoped that new donors and annual subscribers will be forthcoming for this unique and valuable work.

R. C. G.



## THE OPEN HUSTINGS

Toc H and L.W.H.

DEAR EDITOR,

May I express the views of a typical member of L.W.H. on the question of Toc H and L.W.H.? I say "a typical" in the sense that my own view is not expressed in any article in the JOURNAL. My own impulse, on reading the three articles in the Supplement to the December JOURNAL, was to say to each of the authors, as Johnson said to Boswell: "My friend, clear your mind of *cant*." There seems to be the implication, in all three articles, that there is something about Toc H which renders full membership of it a thing unattainable by any woman. What is this mysterious quality? Is it the ideal of fellowship, or the ideal of service?

As to fellowship—is a fellowship which cannot pass the barrier of sex worth having? Is it a true Christian fellowship? Is it too much to ask of Toc H that they should welcome this test of the true quality of their fellowship, and extend it to their women comrades?

And service—will Toc H restrict its capacity to serve the world by refusing to take on any service but that which can be offered to men by men, or to women by women? Will it come to see that, the human race being bi-sexual, most of the important problems of real life affect both men and women, and can best be tackled by men and women working together?

*Working together*—that is the crux of the whole matter. The modern tendency for young men and women to accept each other as comrades and as equals is, to my mind, a point of view that Toc H must adopt if it is going to continue indefinitely as a living society. It does not matter whether or not Toc H and L.W.H. meet socially; what they *must* do is to join together for jobs, for study, and for prayers.

What is going to destroy Toc H, if it is persisted in, is the view of the position of women dating back to 1881 or thereabouts,

which is assumed in all three articles to be the normal view of Toc H. "One," at any rate, seems to regard all women as being on the same level as the bedmakers of a Cambridge college—necessary for the comfort of the male, but on no account to have any voice in the scheme of things.

There are two statements in this article to which I take exception. The first is that the presence of women will keep the younger men out of Toc H: I am sure, from personal experience, that far more men of the *right type* are kept out by fear of "heartiness," than by fear of meeting a few women now and then. The second statement is that the Schools Section "will have to shut down" if women are admitted to membership of Toc H. Why, in heaven's name? Are there no girls' schools? If the schools are being told that "One's" view of the position of women is the view sponsored by Toc H, then the sooner the schools section does shut down the better!

Now about this numbers question: I do not deny that it may be necessary to restrict the numbers of L.W.H., but what about the numbers of Toc H? Isn't the whole concern growing at rather an alarming rate? Isn't it time for both sides of the movement to think seriously where this increase is going to lead, and to consider the question of selecting their membership?

Looking at the question fairly, I can see no reason why full membership of Toc H should not be open to women, except that of present expediency. Somehow it doesn't quite fit in with the traditions of Toc H to let a matter such as this be decided on expediency alone.

Plan 3 is definitely the most difficult of the three, and on that account all the more worth while to attempt. If Toc H had never "taken a chance" in its history, would it ever have grown at all?

Yours very truly,

JANE MEIKLEJOHN.

L.W.H., Harpenden.



DEAR EDITOR,

Toc H cannot but admire the spirit which calls forth from the L.W.H. a willingness "to be completely cut off rather than that any harm whatsoever should come to Toc H," but I think we admire still more those of our sisters who welcome a separation as a challenge to march forward to spread unhindered those ideals for which Toc H stands, among women. This is the note for which we are listening, the sound of which would not only convince us that the First Proposition was the right solution, but make us right glad to support it.

It seems clear that the two main objects of the L.W.H. have become incompatible. They cannot at the same time be a league of women helping Toc H and also an efficient instrument for the spreading of the Toc H spirit among women. Are the L.W.H. over-awed by the stupendousness of their call? I hope so. Are they lacking in courage to attempt it? I trust not.

Yours sincerely,

Lincoln.

MICHAEL McCORMICK.

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DEAR EDITOR,

I wonder if the following lines, for which we tender more than the usual apology to Lewis Carroll, represent the feelings of many blokes in the large number of units which have no first-hand knowledge of L.W.H., but are now asked to express an opinion on their fate:—

When Tubby went to Canada  
And travelled through the land,  
He smiled like—Tubby—to perceive  
The Woman's Helping Hand:  
"If only this were in Toc H,"  
He said, "it would be grand."

"O Emmas, come and work with us,"  
Our Tubby did beseech,  
"A pleasant walk—for work, not talk—  
To practise what we preach:  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To get a hand from each."

So four young Emmas hurried up,  
Most eager for the treat,  
And if their hair was rather short,  
Their shoes, at least, were neat.  
They did their job extremely well:  
Said Tubby, "Ain't they sweet!"

But four more Emmas hurried up,  
And yet another four,  
And thick and fast they came at last  
And more and more and more,  
Till they began—like briny waves,  
To overflow the shore.

The JOURNAL bade us *think*, and then  
Ran on a year or so.  
But did it oft remind us, or  
Give information? No!  
So units with no Emmas but  
With jobs—just let it go.

"The time has come," the JOURNAL said,  
"To speak of many things—  
Of architecture, armaments,  
Of ancient priests and kings,  
Of anything on earth, except  
These angels, minus wings."

"So wait a bit," cry many blokes,  
"And give us time to chat.  
Leave things to stew (Proposal two),  
Till we know what we're at."  
"No, hurry!" cried our stern H.Q.  
They cursed them much for that.

"A lot more knowledge," cried the blokes,  
"Is what we chiefly need;  
Opinions from the girls, besides,  
Are very nice indeed.  
So if you're ready, JOURNAL dear,  
Give many more, we plead."

"We mustn't let them feel chucked out,"  
Say those that "One" pursue,  
"Their self-denial would make that  
A dirty thing to do.  
But if *they* want to feel quite free?  
We only wish we knew!"

"We won't seem mean," say those for  
"Three,"  
"Nor play them any trick;  
After we've brought them on so far  
Let's make them members, quick."  
H.Q. said, "On Committees—mind!—  
They must not sit too thick."

"We weep for you," the blokeage cry,  
"We deeply sympathise;  
But as we do not know *your* thoughts,  
How can *our* thoughts be wise?  
So if we grieve you, dears, 'twill cause  
Us grief—but no surprise."

"O JOURNAL!" cry the harassed blokes,  
"This really isn't fun.  
Fill no more pages (risking strife)  
About the sword and gun,  
But tell us of the Emmas, please—,"  
But answer . . . .

will appear in the next few  
issues of the JOURNAL, we hope.

A BLOKE IN A SMALL UNIT WITH  
No L.W.H.

SIR,

Over in Ireland I have been studying the Supplement to the Toc H JOURNAL for December and trying to balance the three different "Propositions." In the background is the Founder's vision, his conception of a family in which both men and women would play their respective parts. Locally we have had six years of corporate effort, particularly in connection with the Newsboys' Club, in which the women have done more than their share. Some of us have agreed unanimously that the question should be settled on the basis of the following principles:—

- (a) the equality of the sexes; with
- (b) the absence of privilege for either sex; and
- (c) the common spirit of service.

In our provincial life we have many examples, both in Church, politics and at the University, of men and women working for a common object, and the exclusion of women is to us unthinkable. If you asked a political agent to dispense with the services of women he would laugh at the idea.

It will be agreed that the recognition of women's claims to equality is an outstanding feature of Britain's life, whilst the story of the British Commonwealth of Nations to-day is an object lesson as to how different units can meet on equal terms.

If we examine the three Propositions in the light of the Founder's vision, it is obvious that the first excludes them from the family altogether, though there is a Brahmanical proposal which gives them a limited opportunity of service. The second is more advanced, but implies subordination. The third alone seems both in keeping with the Founders' ideas, the spirit of the age and the conceptions of early Christianity. Whilst one would support it on principle, there are some points which need greater elucidation. Thus one observes that there are to be separate women's branches and groups and that steps are to be taken to secure that women are to be governed by men.

Whilst supporting No. 3, might I suggest a different line of approach. Logically, if you have separate women's branches, you have a women's local committee, a District Committee and a Women's Council, much as at present. There would be a Toc H Women's Council, with the Patroness, it is to be hoped, the Duchess of York. The women would thus have responsible government, within the family, for matters in their own sphere. This, it seems to me, would meet the positive part of No. 1 Proposition, the practical side of No. 2, and the principles of No. 3.

For their respective spheres, the men and the women would be entirely responsible. To prevent overlapping and for corporate work there would be conference, as of partners. It may be noted that in the British Empire to-day, Great Britain claims no numerical superiority over New Zealand, and each unit of the Commonwealth stands on an equal footing.

The chief co-ordinating influence in the family must be the Central Executive, which in the British Isles is already working out successfully a policy of self-government. It is the spirit which matters, and we should not lightly blind ourselves to the Founder's vision.

Yours,

*Belfast.*

PAT.

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DEAR EDITOR,

We hear frequent reference to the extent in which women outnumber men. It seems to me that, within Toc H, our Elder Brethren should be included in this enumeration; for how many of these "outnumbering" women are their spiritual widows? Because the men gave their lives, the women were called upon to sacrifice all that God meant to be the crown of their womanhood. Into the sad void thus caused has come for them the comfort of the family ideal of Toc H, and who shall say from what deep and inarticulate wells of the spirit they draw inspiration?

Let us not think in units or as individuals, for surely the ideal far transcends these. Toc H pools the resources of its manhood, L.W.H. the resources of its womanhood. The two great co-ordinate forces—each the complement of the other as designed by the Creator—co-operate for the moral and spiritual welfare of the rising generation. It is a serious responsibility to contemplate divorce, or even judicial separation, for such a union—and what of the custody of the children?

In the prevalent sex-rivalry Toc H and L.W.H. should have this job in common—to demonstrate to the world how God has given individual qualities to each sex for the promotion of harmony and happiness and for “mutual society, help and comfort.” If they can cause this understanding spirit to pervade society, then the young folk will be able to turn to each other with confidence and frankness; a new wholesome outlook will purge away the old disconcerting sex-consciousness and open a happy highway of life, along which all may travel in unity of service.

Yours faithfully,

CATHERINE A. COLE.

*Croydon L.W.H.*

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DEAR EDITOR,

Although I have never been an active member of any Branch or Group it is possible that the views of a more or less sympathetic observer, who for some years has paid a subscription, may be of interest and value in the matter of “this woman question.” Sometimes, at any rate, the onlooker sees more of the game than the player.

Before I attempt to deal with these proposals I feel that it is necessary to go much deeper, for I am sure that our present difficulties have arisen from causes far more fundamental than appear to be in the mind of those who framed these resolutions.

Toc H was started by a small band of men inspired and led by one whom they had learnt

to love in the War and whom we now know as Tubby. Almost before they had realised what they were doing their brotherhood had grown into an organisation far beyond the power of the personal control even of so great a character as he was. Both in him and them the spirit indeed was willing, but the flesh and the careful thought necessary for so great a thing was weak. I shall hurt many by this, I fear, but I feel it to be true and must be faced. The time came—perhaps in their enthusiasm, was allowed to come—far too soon when men of all ages and even women were allowed their share in this movement, and as a result we are now suffering from a vagueness which if allowed to continue can only have one end. There are, I believe, many who would like to know who are Toc H and what they are about. It seems to me that the time has come for a bold step. We must stop and set the best brains available to think out the soundest methods of using this good thing which has come out of the War.

First, we **must** be quite clear as to what we are about. I have met members, I admit very young, but I have noticed this tone in much of Toc H literature, who seem to think that they are founding a new Universal Church. This, I venture to think, is absurd and impossible. I would like to see some clearly defined and simply expressed basis, such as that of the Scout Movement. I believe that the success of that movement is due largely to the man—whoever he was—who framed the Ten Scout Laws: a master-stroke of genius. They are simpler and, for boys, better than the Ten Commandments on which they are so obviously built. If something similar was done for Toc H even if it was only as an amplification of the basis, I believe it would be of immense and permanent value.

Secondly, we need to be quite sure as to those with whom we are concerned. Again, I would point to the Scout Movement, who have limited themselves to boys between 11 and 17, for much of its success is due to this very thing. Cubs and Rovers were an after-

thought, and if I understand Scouting aright, in spite of their success they are still considered as auxiliaries to the main purpose. I believe Toc H would gain enormously by confining its work to young men between, say, 17 and 30. I am not suggesting a compulsory retirement of those older, but rather that when a man has come to an age when marriage and other responsibilities are his natural lot, he should slip out, grateful for a set of ideals which would help him to face the greater things of life.

So we come to women. Holding these theories you will have realised that I view with distress any idea of a combined organisation and dislike the present arrangement. In spite of "modernism" men and women are still fundamentally different and only work well together in permanent double harness. The Church alone is capable of holding them together as one body and even there immense difficulties arise due solely to the difference of sex. Women who are "clubable" with men are seldom the average man's ideal of womanhood. If there are women who are attracted by the ideals of Toc H let us thank God and tell them to carry on in ways best suited to their own psychology. If there are matters in which we need each other's help, what is simpler than to let that need be known? In a parish where I once worked there was a most delightful relationship between the Scouts and Guides on such informal lines. It was so successful because we both functioned in ways best suited to the people with whom we were dealing. I greatly hope that the Council will accept the first resolution with the subsidiary proposal, but ruling out the last two lines, which are, in fact, an "as you were" order.

The present situation is clearly a temporary one. It is unreasonable that we should retain any legal hold over such a different and growing body. A combined society we are not ready for, chiefly because we have not evolved sufficiently to experiment safely or usefully along such lines. Separation is the wisest and, incidentally, the most courteous

method of dealing with the present situation. But when we do it let us take the opportunity of re-thinking the whole position and putting our house mentally in order before we again set out along what must be, I think, an increasingly hard path.

I make no apologies for writing like this, for I presume you want honest opinions.

Yours sincerely,

R. A. WRIGHT, Padre.

*Lagos, Nigeria.*

DEAR EDITOR,

Why is there so much emphasis on fear in the discussion of our relationship? It does not seem to me that a Christian should have any truck with it, least of all as a motive for action. If we allow ourselves to fear the rapid growth of L.W.H., or its consequences with regard to the attitude of the public to the joint movement, or the possible predominance in counsel of L.W.H. members, we are admitting that they are making the pace too hot for us, that they are better fulfilling the objects than we are, that their wit-ness, enthusiasm and work is greater than ours. Is not their growth a thing to be admired and gloried in, their existence and co-operation a thing to be thankful for, and the whole a splendid incentive to further effort on our part? Instead of concentrating our thoughts and efforts on going forward ourselves, there seems a horrible tendency to try and keep them back.

Why is there any talk at all about members leaving either Toc H or L.W.H. if the decision as to the future relationship is not in accordance with their individual wishes? Cannot we all accept the decision of the majority as the will of God and help to bring about the more effective working which is bound to come? What good will anyone do to his or herself or the movement by leaving it? There is going to be a joyous building on the new foundations, whichever they may be.

Yours sincerely,

*Perry Barr.*

BOB CANNING.

DEAR EDITOR,

Rumour has it that the main reason why some members of Toc H do not approve of the L.W.H. is their belief that *women cannot think fairly*. Women, they say, are too easily influenced by their feelings to preserve the strict balance of justice.

Fairmindedness, however, let us remind them, is not as *set* as justice. It is, as has been said, *justice tempered by kindness*. We might say "justice tempered by love," for love includes both kindness and pity: justice can show no pity, but fairmindedness may. Pity, you will say, is sentiment. So is love, my friends; but there is a world of difference between sentiment and sentimentality. Sentiment is no hindrance to kindness or fairmindedness, but sentimentality certainly is, because it has its roots in self-seeking. (If you were to ask me whether women should serve on a jury, my answer would be "Certainly not," for they would "temper their judgments with kindness," and the result, though probably fair, might not be strictly just).

Let us look farther into this question of fairmindedness, which threatens to divide the two branches of the Family, instead of uniting them as it should. Minds—like brains—are not a matter of sex. There are men whose minds show some very feminine traits (you will often find this among artists, musicians, &c.) while there are women whose minds are quite virile in their reactions to life's events. Who can say that a father is always more fairminded to his children than a mother? Or a man-teacher to his pupils than a woman-teacher to hers?

Because a man is stronger, his passions are stronger; because woman is weaker, her prejudices are greater and more numerous; but this is often due to her lack of knowledge. And who is it that has kept her under for so many centuries? Fairmindedness is a matter of knowledge and understanding, and I am convinced that, equally trained, women can attain fairmindedness as well as men.

In conclusion, let us say that if, generally speaking, women have shown themselves to

be less fairminded than men, all the more reason for Toc H to prove their present superiority on this point, by looking at the question from both sides, and by pointing the way for their sisters of the L.W.H. who, indeed, are eager to "get there."

Yours sincerely,

Brussels.

J. B.

DEAR EDITOR,

In our discussion upon the future relationship of Toc H and L.W.H., there is a clear matter of principle we must decide.

What is the ideal relation of women and men in a family? Surely one of complete equality, where no carefully defined "rights" of man over woman are insisted upon, but in which there is complete mutual trust that neither man will let the woman down, nor woman the man. (N.B.—The deletion of "obey" in the revised Marriage Service).

Toc H must always be a man's show. To safeguard this, and yet to allow women into the movement on the theory "that family life is impossible without women," the superior rights of men in the governing of the body must be carefully defined, as is proposed in Proposition 3. But this, *ipso facto*, rules out the highest ideal of family life, suggested above. On these grounds, Propositions 2 and 3 seem far from a solution.

The first Proposition, however, seems ideal. It ensures that Toc H shall always be a man's show; its unique charm and opportunity. It also provides complete equality on a basis of *trust*,—that the women will never desert the spiritual ideals of Toc H as their movement develops. It allows for special adaptation to the needs of women, when necessary. Lastly, it bears witness bravely to the real meaning of family life, in which man and woman work together as equals in a fellowship all the deeper because based on trust and not on law.

Yours sincerely,

Luton.

HUGH C. WARNER, Padre.

## Disarmament

SIR,

Mr. Alec Wilson has now concluded the series of helpful articles modestly designed—as he told us in October—to be a sort of guide book to press reports of the Disarmament Conference, and beginning with the question “Can it succeed?” But he has done more than this, for he explained very fully the meaning of peace, and said “It is useless to talk of Peace until you have, in fact, other means than war (meaning arbitration, etc.) for reaching a settlement of your disputes.” In November and December he developed strong reasons why we should all try to make the Conference a success: assuming, if I do not misrepresent him, that disarmament and the machinery of arbitration are the only means to prevent war.

In your January number—not having seen his concluding article—I offered some views of my own and I criticised (I hope not unfairly) his assumption that peace depends only on disarmament, supplemented, of course, by arbitration. I suggested instead that the better way would be to encourage friendship between nations, beginning with treaty revision. In the earlier part of his February article Mr. Wilson explains that there are two groups of thought and that they disagree on the question or whether or not it is the duty of the League to ensure peace and security, sword in hand. He then for the first time deals with Treaty Revision and refers to “injustices calling aloud for remedy,” thus introducing a third alternative, friendship, as a means of attaining the same object, but with little or no force, because there would now be less cause for dispute and therefore less desire to fight it out. In an eloquent passage (first four paragraphs on p. 65—too long to quote) he shows that these injustices must be cured, and that Great Britain has insisted on having the power to reconsider inapplicable treaties. Moreover, he declares that if a positive move be made in that direction (i.e., treaty revision by general consent) enough success will be

obtained to enable the Conference to go on to the next stage. (My wording was: “Remove the justifiable reason for fear and modify the injustices, and the Conference may be a success.” So there is not much difference between us).

Had Mr. Wilson not written this article several months ago, I should claim him as a convert. As it is, I am happy to think—as I hope that he and your readers will also—that we are fundamentally in agreement. And had he *begun* his series of articles with an explanation of this basic principle, the influence of Toc H in support of Peace through Friendship might have been felt earlier. At the moment of writing, the vicious circle of disagreement which Mr. Wilson deprecates still remains and will become more apparent as the Conference proceeds, unless a better spirit prevails. It therefore behoves every member of Toc H—nay, it is our absolute duty—to encourage that spirit to the utmost that lies in the power of each one of us.

Your faithful Builder,

ALEXANDER GORDON.

\* \* \*

Hey, Presto !

DEAR EDITOR,

One of my jobs of service in Toc H is to give conjuring entertainments voluntarily to various social organisations such as Church Socials, Charity Bazaars and Entertainments to Children. I should be glad to use the medium of the JOURNAL for the purpose of ventilating the various difficulties encountered and in the hope of exchanging views with other members of Toc H similarly engaged.

The difficulties relate to one of activities and finance. If I could ascertain who are similarly engaged at the four points of the compass radiating from Leatherhead, I think that time and expense might be saved by collaborating with them and parcelling out the jobs according to area. The financial difficulty presents itself in this way, that with



a heart like the Pirates of Penzance in relating to children generally, I cannot charge for travelling expenses when entertaining the young, while as regards other entertainments I have been in the habit of taking merely the expenses incurred in travelling to the particular entertainment. What I have in mind is the idea of making a standard charge of, say, five shillings, for all entertainments other than those for children, which would be sufficient to recoup

my travelling expenses for the cases where no charge is made.

If this should catch the eye of those who have been similarly perplexed but have successfully applied their conjuring and other arts to a solution of the problem, I should be delighted to hear from them.

Yours sincerely,

WILL HILLIER.

20, *Highlands Road*,  
*Leatherhead, Surrey.*

## MULTUM IN PARVO

❖ Padre PERCY SANDS (Leamington) has been appointed to succeed Padre A. L. SIDERFIN, whose retirement was announced last month, in the East Midlands and Lincs. Area. A welcome to him when he starts his new work in June.

❖ A. S. GREENACRE ("Grecno"), who has been working with Bob Sawers in Scotland during the New Year, will be in the South Western Area until Easter.

❖ KEITH FRASER (East London District Secretary) has been co-opted as a member of the CENTRAL EXECUTIVE, 1931-32, *vice* Col. F. L. FOOTNER, resigned.

❖ Congratulations to HARRY EASTWOOD (H.Q.) on his appointment as Manager of the Devas Institute for Boys, at Battersea, from July 1.

❖ The Annual Meeting of the CENTRAL COUNCIL will be held at Forty-Two Trinity Square, London, E.C.3, at 2 p.m. on Saturday, April 23.

❖ The DECENTRALISATION of Toc H at home, begun in 1929, was completed in February this year by the first meeting of the East Midlands Area Executive. All the links between Areas and the Central Executive are now forged.

❖ OVERSEAS MEMBERS, coming home on leave this Summer, are invited to write to R. E. Wraith, 7, Hills Road, Cambridge, with a view to their attending the Eastern Area Festival at Cambridge on July 9-10.

❖ We offer sincere congratulations to BURY Group (Lancs.) on promotion to Branch status.

❖ CHARLES CLARKE, whom many home members know, has returned from New Zealand with fine news of progress in the Dominion. In 1930 there were 8 units, with a total of 173 members and probationers. By December, 1931, this had grown to 23 sanctioned units and several "gropes," with a membership of 440. Their crying need is for a full-time man.

❖ Members who may have seen in various newspapers accounts of riotous scenes alleged to have taken place at a Royal Midnight Matinee in London on February 4 "in aid of the Women's League of Service of Toc H," are hereby assured that this function had no connection whatsoever with L.W.H. or Toc H, but was organised by and for another society. *The Times* and other papers published a denial.

❖ In addition to the Prince of Wales' address (see pp. 97-100), the National Council of Social Service has just published a booklet on *Work with the Unemployed*, containing examples of schemes in various places for helping small and large groups of unemployed people. This will be very useful to all Toc H units doing or planning work of this kind. Copies are obtainable, price 3d., from the N.C.S.S., 26, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

# THE FAMILY OVERSEAS

## South America

**B**UENOS AIRES, Group III, have the job of running Whist Drives at the Victoria Sailors' Home in Calle Independencia, which they have done since their foundation. This is what they say about it: "In 1929 and 1930 the job was a weekly one, but during the present year it has been a bi-weekly task. Our guests are 'those that go down to the sea in ships,' and also several of the unemployed who have been staying at the Home under arrangements with the Relief Committee and the Home Authorities. It is recorded that on one occasion no report was given to the *Herald*—a local paper—of the Drive on that evening, since the three prize-winners, a first, second and "booby," were all entered in the records book as being from 'S.S. Home.' There may be a ship of that name in Lloyd's Register, but the worthy structure on this particular occasion is never likely to go to sea. There are never any lady-helpers present. The writer believes that this is bound up in the problem of the Apprentices, who are never very numerous at these Drives. If we could get the ladies the Apprentices would come. As a job it relieves the Home Officers from this task, especially on Thursday evenings, when the Officers' Social is held. It consists not only in acting as M.C. for the Drive, sometimes not a very easy job, but also acting as a "De-coding" official and frequently a general information bureau. Some sailors are very bad writers; hence the de-coding required in order to check their scores and award the prizes."

In Saint Andrew's (War Memorial) Church, Santiago, in October, the Lamp of the *Santiago* Branch, presented by the local British Legion in memory of the townsmen of Santiago and district who fell in the Great War, was dedicated in the presence of representatives of the Legion, Branch members, and a contingent from the *Cradock* Branch who had made the pilgrimage from Valparaiso to be with their offspring as they celebrated their promotion.

## Australia

In the JOURNAL of December last year, the gift to Toc H by Miss Dymes of a house to become Mark I Australia, was joyfully reported. Owing to all kinds of antipodal difficulties, it was not until early February that news came through that on December 5, Edward House, so named with the gracious permission of H.R.H., our Patron, had been opened and dedicated to the Great Elder Brother. As the State Padre and the State President went from room to room, each a memorial and an incentive, the long-felt desire was realised: that Australia, for the strengthening of the movement, should have a House of its own, where the elder shall serve the younger and the younger be ever led to leadership.

It is a paradox that in Toc H a division spells not disaster, but strength. The great Southern Area in West Australia has, in its two years of existence, consolidated and grown to such an extent that the quarterly conference to which members come from over 300 miles, is impossible for many outlying units. Proposals have been made that the area be formed into two divisions, one with its headquarters at Katanning, the other at Albany. Hence the paradox: through this division the family life of each resulting group will be strengthened, because a smaller family circle will make a greater intimacy possible; then once a year at the Area gathering the divisions will show themselves rather as twin pillars of the Family.

Members in Australia and members at home who, through the *Link* or otherwise, have kept in touch with Toc H Australia, are aware that the movement has been undergoing a crisis for some time in New South Wales. Nothing less than a complete reconstruction of Toc H in that State has availed to bring the dawn of better times. Early in 1930 Toc H there was facing a "breaking up" and in August of that year it "was at the lowest ebb since its inception," with one Branch and four Groups in existence, and a total membership of 140 men. A reconstruction scheme, then in the field, was finally abandoned at the State Council Meeting in October, 1931, and a new and more hopeful plan adopted. "Three things required immediate attention: (a) cleaning up of the financial position; (b) restoration of public confidence; (c) rebuilding of former units." Much hard work has resulted in making the finances of Toc H, N.S.W., more solid than they have ever been; in winning again the confidence of the public for Toc H, after some observers had thought that the effort would be fruitless; and in rebuilding all the former units except North Sydney Group (which was amalgamated with Sydney Branch, but is now ready to start again as a Group in North Sydney). "For the first time in two years a new Group (Mittagong) has been formed outside Sydney . . . and there are prospects of Groups being formed" at six other places. A new period of probation for all, irrespective of their former membership of the old units, was resented by many, but its enforcement has "resulted in only men of the right calibre being initiated into the Movement." All of us will sympathise sincerely with Toc H New South Wales in their difficult time and will want to congratulate them on the energy and courage with which they are facing it. Their new progress, they say, "clearly proves that Toc H is once again capturing the imagination of the people."

## India

"Difficulties with the landlord" has a euphemistic flavour about it, but it is one reason advanced by *Mudras* for their leaving their house in Holloways Garden for Landons Gardens, Kilpauk, a solid and generously proportioned house built not very long after Waterloo. Well away from the town, and withdrawn from the main road, Toc H House, as it is already popularly known, offers two advantages, one objective and the other subjective: one, that the noise of the world is shut out, and two, that the noise of its inmates is kept in, so there shall be neither suffering nor giving pain. No provision for a Chapel was made in the first distribution of rooms, but the need was quickly felt, with the result that through voluntary subscription a Chapel was furnished in the one-time quiet room, and dedicated recently by the Bishop of Madras. One room is set aside for "birds of passage," and six permanent residents fill the house. The Branch is the leaseholder, but evades the responsibility of running the House by renting the rooms to the hostellers, who then put the "chummery" system into operation. The team is working hard for promotion to Mark status; it apparently has a good start. The Branch runs a concert party that appears at very many functions, such as Leper Settlements and Juvenile Reformatories. At their last visit at the latter place the concluding item, an outdoor cinema show, was spoilt by over-bright moonlight.

An opportunity of an unusual kind was offered to the *Bombay* Group, when the Robert Money School, under whose roof the unit meets, appealed to it for help with their rapidly diminishing scholarship fund for poor boys. Plans for a concert were prepared that gained Bob Ford's approval, and put into operation swiftly, with the result that more than a thousand rupees went to the scholarship fund.

Members at home will be specially interested to know that "Tosher" Elliott, of the General Council of Toc H India, arrived in England in mid-February on seven months' leave. Those who met him on his last leave will be eager for another opportunity.

## New Zealand

Lunch-hour meetings are the rule for the *Auckland* Group, except for once a month, when an evening session is held. It is reported that the Group in its *first* days was made up of ex-officers only, but now that they have inherited the responsibilities of the one-time Branch they are aiming at as mixed and as representative a membership as possible. The writer of those vigorous letters from which extracts were published in the December JOURNAL under the title the "Voice of Domex," has resigned the Dominion Secretaryship to take Holy Orders as Curate of St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Wellington. However, Gordon Mackenzie is not lost to Toc H, for the group at Wellington are benefitting already from what they call his "continued towering." His successor is well known in Toc H England, one "Barnacle" Brown, who was with Tubby at Knutsford, the Padre of a London Branch, later transferred to Birmingham, and now an Association Padre in New Zealand.

## Melanesia

The romantic address of the writer of the following letter is *White Sands, Tanna, New Hebrides*. Tanna, measuring eighteen miles long and ten broad, one of the smallest of the New Hebrides group, contains Yasowa, the *most* eruptive of its volcanoes. Until recent times its people were summarily dismissed as inveterate cannibals, but of that no hint is to be gathered from this epistle of Buckland to Forty-Two: "I am one of those whose means of grace come under the category of 'island trading,' but you are soon to learn that this is not the only channel through which my energies flow. For the past two years I have been very unsettled in my comings and goings on the island, but about three months ago when my time was up with the firm I was working for, I decided to branch out on my own, and remain in the islands. I am now well and truly settled in my own outfit and cannot complain as to my lot in this world of grief and woe. I am kept fairly busy with my business and superintending the daily round and common tasks of my dusky workmen, but I manage to hold an English class two mornings a week, singing two evenings, Bible Class and Toc H talk on Sunday nights. Between the lot, I manage to find time to read, write, swim, ride and walk. I have sixteen very enthusiastic English scholars, who are doing splendidly and well worth the time it takes to teach them. Singing is '*le dernier cri*' as far as natives are concerned and despite the fact that I've been teaching per medium of the tonic sol-fa for the *past* two and a half years, there are no signs of a wane in their enthusiasm. They just love to sing. Most of the hymns they sing are in the native tongue, but my own particular flock include several English hymns, to say nothing of 'Rogerum,' and one or two other Toc H favourites, in their repertoire. I have about twenty hopefuls who receive weekly instruction on the principles of Toc H, and although their mental processes are very slow, they know a good thing when they see it. I have had the Toc H Prayer and Ceremony of Light translated into their own language, and although they know the prayer well, as yet I do not think they fully understand the 'Light.'"

## Holland and Belgium

There are now in *Amsterdam* and *Rotterdam* two circles of men interested in Toc H. In the former, at least four are already members, one of them from South Africa, another from India, and another from Chile. Padres Keay, of Christ Church, Amsterdam, and Collins, of St. Mary's, Rotterdam, are doing all they can to help, and we understand that Paul Slessor will visit them from Poperinghe (taking *Antwerp* and *Charleroi* on his way) in the near future to wish the new beginnings good luck.

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TAI/1

## DESPATCHES OF THE MONTH

### From the Northern Area

*Letters from London, Yorkshire and the West Midlands Area will appear next month.*

OUR last report was written at the end of the "slack" season and at the beginning of what was expected to be a very busy season. Busy it certainly is, but one cannot help wondering whether much of the busy-ness really cuts any ice. Life in a geographically large area is hectic and consists of considerable rushing about, by no means aimlessly. Visits to Units are at longish intervals, with the result that so much ground has to be covered that vital issues are only touched upon. But heartening progress is being made and optimism prevails. There is a real understanding of Toc H amongst the Units. Although one sometimes grows impatient at the apparent slow rate of progress, building is sure and on sound foundations. A casual visitor might get the impression that the Northerner takes his pleasures sadly, but a longer visit would convince the fairminded man that, considering the tremendous economic problem the northern counties are up against, our Area has a gallant and high-hearted crew which would take a lot of whacking. It has been decided that it is unwise to attempt a Bazaar for Mark XVIII on such a large scale as was originally planned, so a more modest effort is being organised. In October of this year it is hoped to raise sufficient money to enable the House Committee to redecorate, repaint and refurnish the House, as well as to carry out certain structural alterations designed to give more accommodation for Branch Meetings and so on. The House has suffered from the fact that for many months it has not had its full complement of hostellers and even now is only half full. There is much greater co-operation now between the House and the Branch, and when the Mark team is complete, with the present spirit prevailing, excellent results can be looked for. The job of inaugurating and developing Boys' Clubs in the "distressed mining areas of County Durham" is proceeding apace. The three clubs already established at Strategical centres, viz.: Consett, Durham City and Bishop Auckland, are, under their respective leaders, already so well established that one wonders why the necessity for such splendid institutions was not realised long ago. A fourth club at Chester-le-Street, under the leadership of "Nigger" Kenyon, ex-Warden of Mark XVIII, is under weigh and will be opened early in March. Arrangements are being made to run a Summer Camp catering for members of our various clubs, affiliated schools and members of Durham University. The help of some Toc H members, who staffed the Northern Area Camp for young miners two or three years ago (run under the auspices of the Lord Mayor's Relief Fund), is assured. The Birthday Festival was an ambitious effort to combine an inspirational week-end with propaganda for Newcastle and Tyneside in particular. It will be a long time before the words of Padre Hubbard and Barkis are forgotten. The presentation of the Mime, "At the Sign of the Star," was very impressive. The service at the Church was specially written by Harold Hubbard and the music specially composed by a friend of Toc H from Manchester. Results are not possible to compute, but we know that, at least, many new friends have been made, and some of the newer members of our family got, for the first time, a vision of what Toc H really is.

Two Provisional Districts have been created since our last letter, viz.:—Mid-Northumberland and West Cumberland. The former was made necessary due to the remoteness of *Morpeth* and *Ashington* from other Tyneside Units. This new District will cater for the places in the Wansbeck Valley and it will not be long before we shall be reporting extensions. The setting up of West Cumberland District is due to the considerable



developments which have taken place in the County of Cumberland generally. The District, with the exception of *Whitehaven*, is composed of Groups all of which have come into being during the past year. Further extensions are under consideration. Some of the jobs which have been and are being tackled by these new Units make some of the parent Units rather shy of their offspring. Healthy Groves are in being at *Keswick*, *Wigton* and *Dalston*, with *Gretna* going well just over the Border. An excellent piece of news is that Roy Sinker, who is to be ordained at Trinity and is to assist the Carlisle District Padre, will put in part of his time as a Toc H Padre for Cumberland. The Tees-side District—the largest in the Area—is shortly to hive off and will probably be divided into North and South Tees. It will be a real wrench for the Northern Units to break away; there is probably no other District so full of splendid leadership and with such a family atmosphere as the present Tees-side District. Its District Committee Meetings are a splendid tonic! Darlington District—the smallest, but by no means the weakest in the Area—is opening out. Its newest Group—*Bishop Auckland*—has got the bit between its teeth and is running an eager race. Although it is only a few months old it is starting up at Spennymoor and is prepared to tackle anything that looks like a Toc H job. Its wonderful work in supplying ninety ultra-distressed families, during Christmas week, with bags of groceries valued at 8/- (all material for which had been scrounged), shows the mettle of its membership, especially when it is remembered that this town is one of the hardest hit in the country. Tyneside District is, at last, opening out. There is a thriving Grove at *Throckley*, just outside Newcastle, and one in *Jesmond*—said to be the most “difficult” suburb of Newcastle. These inspire the Tyneside Committee with hope that Newcastle will shortly be the hot-bed of Toc H it ought to be.

Every Unit in our Area which could responded to our Patron's Appeal. Toc H was directly responsible in many places for organising public meetings. In other places co-operation was given. Many Units are now busy with “follow-up” programmes. In some of the larger towns splendid work is being done in assisting with the task of providing recreational and educational facilities for the unemployed and in other places Units are asking for advice as to how they also may tackle this job. Tubby's remark when he paid a brief visit to us in September that “although we have gone off the Gold Standard we still have the Golden Rule” is well understood in this Area. Our fellows are doing their best to put this Rule into practice. P. S.

## South Wales Area

Another year has started and once more the time has come round for the Welsh News. Our Festival at *Neath* last December has already been reported in the JOURNAL. All units have been busy doing their best to play their part regarding the Prince of Wales' Appeal and we believe good work has been done in every District. We are now looking forward to Tubby's visit during the middle of March and South Wales will endeavour to show him that the Toc H spirit is just as keen here as anywhere else in Great Britain, and he will have a great welcome.

We have now 37 units and four Groves in South Wales alone, as compared with 35 (including North Wales) as stated in the Supplement of the Journal, 1931. This increase of units means that the time has already come when the activities of the Area Staff (consisting of one lone individual) can no longer be directed towards the visiting of Branches and Groups more than about twice in the year, except where there is a special reason for it and to devote more time to new Groves and contacts. We have now our District Officers and Teams and it is all-important that we should all the time be finding

more and more leaders in each District who will take over the responsibility of making their District into a real family of families.

Our District Guest-nights are beginning to become real family gatherings of the whole Districts, as they are held only about three times a year in each District; the expense of getting to one centre is not excessive, especially as Branches and Groups are now realising the importance of making the District Guest-nights a real good show and not competing with them by having Branch and Group parties to which other units are invited. Throughout Toc H to-day Branch and Group Birthdays have come to be regarded as quiet occasions for the members to re-dedicate themselves for another year, possibly in the presence of relations and friends, but without implosions from neighbouring units. We are all now working hard to try and make District Guest-nights real good samples of what Guest-nights should be. Among other things this will help new Groups and Groves to see by practical illustration the kind of thing at which to aim.

The outstanding event in the *Cardiff* District has been the invitation of the Cardiff and Llandaff Blokes to Llys Esgob, the official home of Bishop Timothy Rees, who is known to the whole family. Light was taken by his Lordship, from the Norman Hughes Lamp, given to the Cardiff Branch by Bishop Hughes, the late Bishop of Llandaff, in memory of his only son who fell in the Great War, and we therefore had light from the Lamp given to the memory of a man in the house in which he was born. At the close of a wonderful evening of musical items given by the Llantwit Vardre Toc H and a buffet supper given by our host, 65 blokes listened intently to a few words from his Lordship, and which we venture to say will not be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear them.

